

APRIL

No.22

NATIONAL

COMICS

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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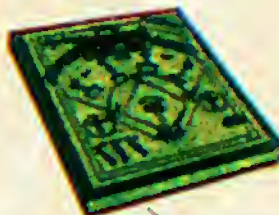
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 of Prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box
 or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

**FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR
 MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE**

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UNCLE SAM

BY
WILLIAM E.
GINSER







MEANWHILE...IN THE HIDEOUT OF "JOCK" JAGGER GANG CHIEF AND KILLER....

CHEE, DOC... DIS STUFF IS AWFUL STRONG!

SURE, JOCK... THAT THREAD I INVENTED IS AS STRONG AS AN ANCHOR CHAIN! HERE... TRY TO BREAK THIS....

SEE?!! AND YOU CAN'T CUT IT! EITHER!

BOY- OH- BOY!! LET'S TAKE IT OUTSIDE AN' GIVE IT A REAL TEST!

UUUF UUUG!

MINUTES LATER...IN THE STREET.

WOW! LOOKIT! PAT! DEY CAN'T BREAK IT!!

HEY, BOSS! LISTEN, BOSS!

BOSS! DAT GUN YA GAVE US WAS LOADED!! I... I... S... SHOT A GUY!! MIKE RATZOFF... HE'S DEAD!

LOADED? HMM...HOW DID DAT EVER HAPPEN?

I'M AWFUL SORRY, FELLAS... BUT DON'T WORRY... I WON'T TELL ANYBODY YA DONE IT!

B. BUT, BOSS... I... I'M A... MURDERER!

HA! LISSEN TA JOCK GIVIN' DEM KIDS DA SOFT SOAP!

YEAH! HE SOTINLY GOT RID O' RATZOFF PRETTY CLEVER...USIN' SUCKER KIDS!

JOCK!! JOCK!! DA KID THE COOPS GOT IS BUDDY...UNCLE SAM'S BOY! AN' SAM IS HEADED HERE!

UNCLE SAM?!

SHADDAP YA VELLA RATS! I GOT AN IDEA...YOU BRATS IS GONNA CAPTURE UNCLE SAM!

WHAT?!!

YEAH... NOW GET THIS!!... TAKE THESE PIECES OF THREAD AN'.....

A FEW MINUTES LATER... A CORNER IN THE SLUMS...



BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BUDDY WAITS.....

GOSH...UNCLE SAM'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME... I OUGHTA BE HELPIN' HIM... IF I COULD ONLY... GEE, THE SERGEANT FELL ASLEEP!



I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE AND GET TO UNCLE SAM!



MOMENTS LATER....

CAPTAIN! I DOZED OFF...AN' TH' KID BEAT IT!

WELL, STEP ON IT, DON'T STAND THERE... FOLLOW 'IM... HE MIGHT LEAD US TO THE GANG!



I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO LOOK... BUT UNCLE SAM MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS SECTION....



SUDDENLY....

SPIKE! DERES DAT KID BUDDY AGAIN!

GRAB 'IM!! WE'LL TAKE 'IM TO JOCK!!



C'MERE YOU!

HEY! CUT IT OUT!



IN A BACK ROOM AT THE JAGGER HIDEOUT....

WHEW!! I CAN'T SEEM TO BREAK THIS THREAD.... PRETTY STRONG STUFF!

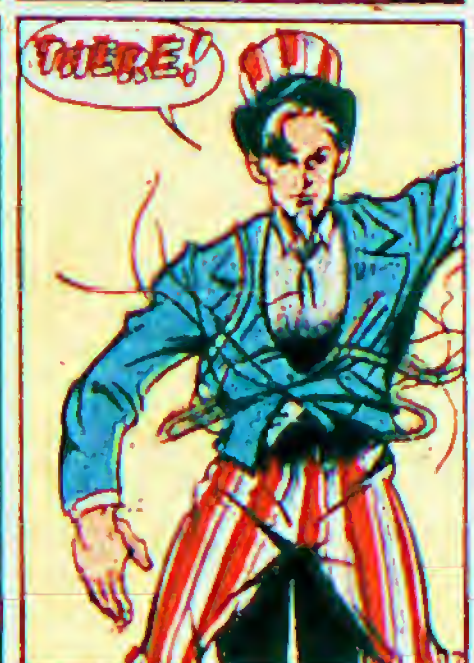


AH!!...A PAIR OF CUTTING PLIERS.... THEY OUGHTA DO THE TRICK!

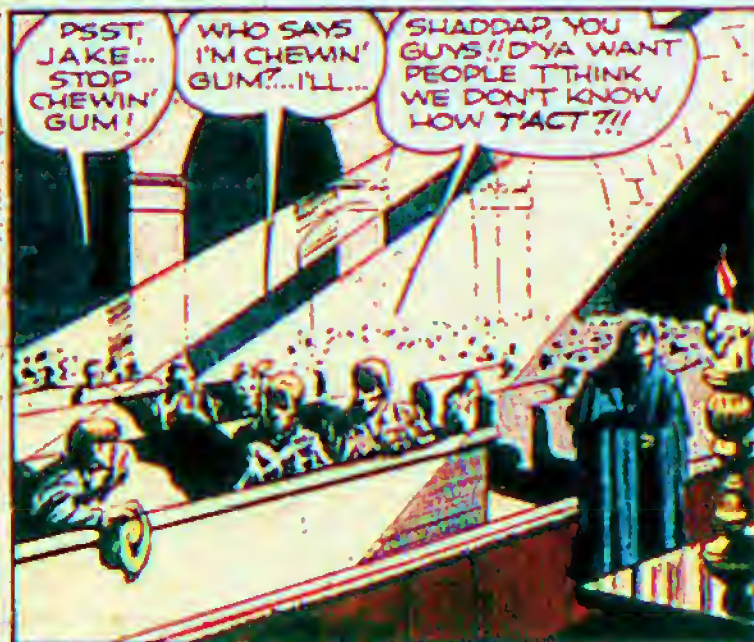
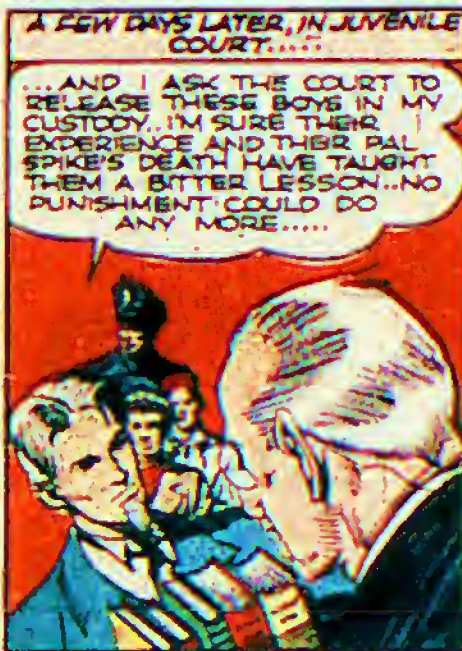


GOSH!! THAT THREAD ACTUALLY BENT THEM!



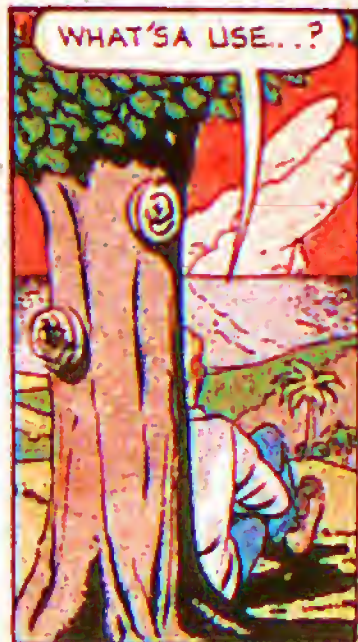
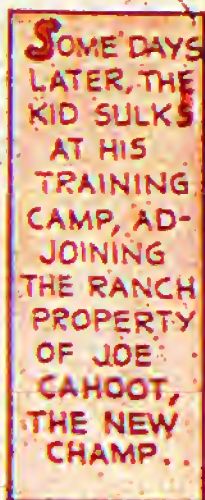
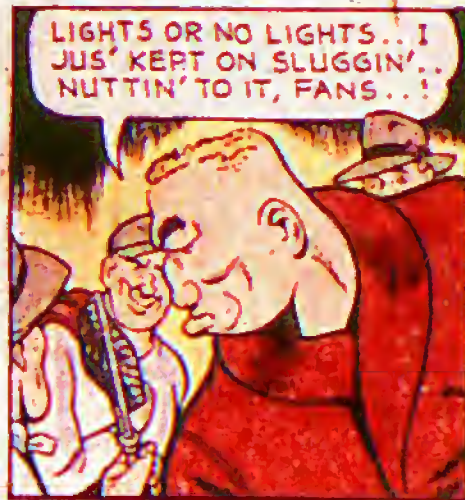






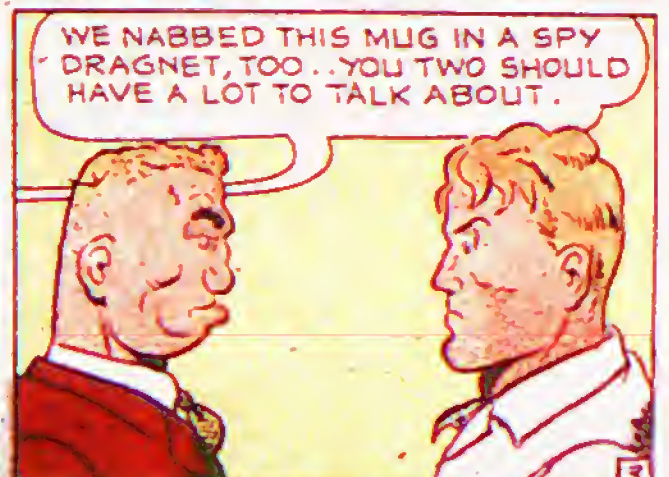








DISCONSOLATELY, DANNY AWAILS TRIAL.. HE FRETS AND FUMES AT THE DULL PROCESSION OF INACTIVE DAYS.





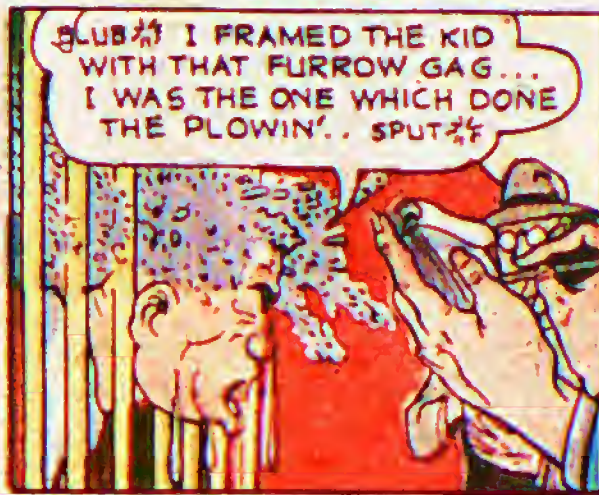
JUST THEN THE REPORTERS ARRIVE EN MASSE TO INTERVIEW THE KID..





CUT IT OUT! I CAN'T STAND IT! I HATE WATER! DIS IS HORRIBLE!

WELL, THEN... SING!



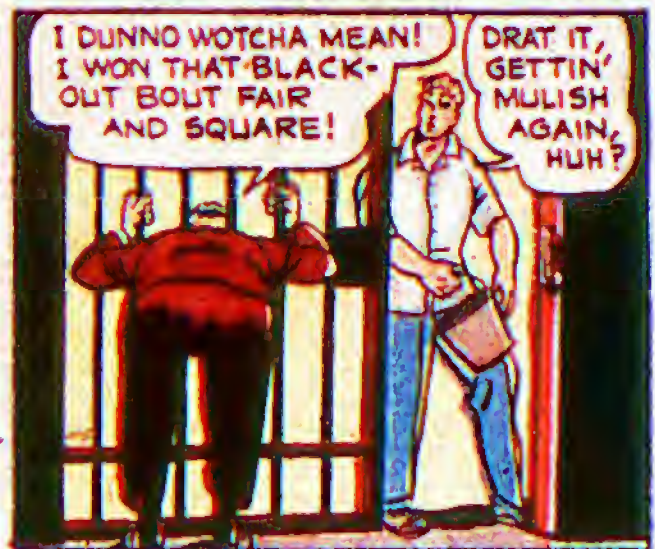
BLUB! I FRAMED THE KID WITH THAT FURROW GAG... I WAS THE ONE WHICH DONE THE PLOWIN'... SPUT!



SOON DANNY IS A FREE MAN
DON'T WORRY, SUGAR THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A HACKSAW...



GOLLY, I ALMOST FORGOT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING... ABOUT THAT BLACKOUT AFFAIR...



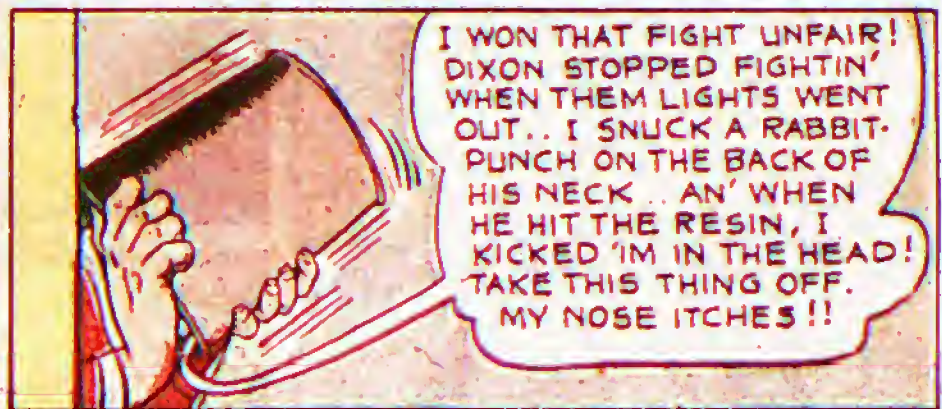
I DUNNO WOTCHA MEAN! I WON THAT BLACK-OUT BOUT FAIR AND SQUARE!

DRAT IT, GETTIN' MULISH AGAIN, HUH?



YOU'RE THE STUBBORN-EST GUY!

OKAY, OKAY I'LL TALK!



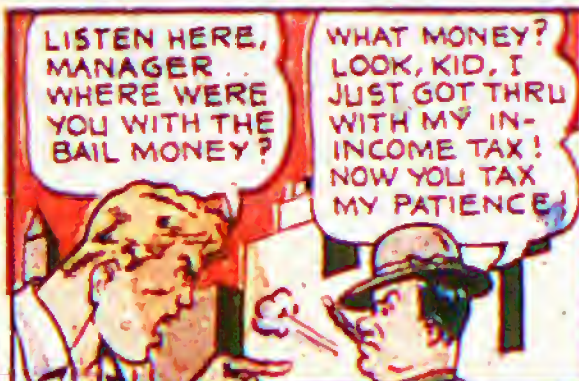
I WON THAT FIGHT UNFAIR! DIXON STOPPED FIGHTIN' WHEN THEM LIGHTS WENT OUT... I SNUCK A RABBIT-PUNCH ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK... AN' WHEN HE HIT THE RESIN, I KICKED 'IM IN THE HEAD! TAKE THIS THING OFF. MY NOSE ITCHES!!



THANKS, PAL!

WHY DON'T YA READ A GOOD BOOK WHILE YER DOIN' NOTHIN'?

Bowck



LISTEN HERE, MANAGER... WHERE WERE YOU WITH THE BAIL MONEY?

WHAT MONEY? LOOK, KID, I JUST GOT THRU WITH MY IN-INCOME TAX! NOW YOU TAX MY PATIENCE!



WELL, ANYWAY.. I'M THE FIRST GUY TO WIN THE HEAVY CROWN IN JAIL..

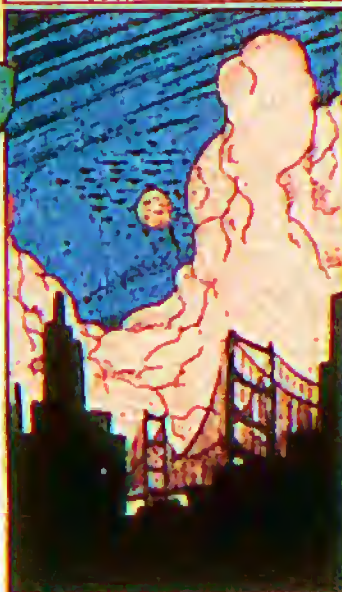
FOLLOW THE FURTHER UPS AND DOWNS IN THE FISTIC CAREER OF KID DIXON IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.

QUICKSILVER

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD by Nick Croy

STRIKING WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, QUICKSILVER GOES TO WORK AGAINST THE LAWLESS. THIS TIME STRIKING WITH DEADLY FURY AT THE BLOOD-THIRSTY MENACE FROM ACROSS THE DARK WATERS OF THE PACIFIC

HIGH ABOVE THE TOWERS OF SAN FRANCISCO, TINY SPECKS IN THE SKY MOVE EASTWARD FROM OVER THE HORIZON..... 20,000 FEET IN THE AIR... JAPANESE BOMBERS



THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SQUADRON...

WHEN WE ARE FINISHED TO-NIGHT NO BUILDING WILL BE STANDING IN 'FRISCO!!



SQUADRON ATTACK!!!
RELEASE
BOMBS AT
5000 FEET!!



ONE BY ONE THE DEADLY PLANES BEGIN THEIR MERCILESS PLUNGE UPON SAN FRANCISCO.



[BUT... UNKNOWN TO THE INVADERS, AN INTRICATE CIVILIAN AND ARMY DEFENSE SYSTEM IS WORKING ON THE GROUND, STANDING BY TO SMASH A COUNTER-BLOW AT THE ATTACKERS....]

THEY'RE STARTING TO DIVE, SIR! 18,000 FEET!!



HOLD YOUR FIRE 'TIL THEY GET BELOW 10,000..



THE BLACKLIGHT PICKS UP BETWEEN 100 AND 125 PLANES, SIR!



ALL RIGHT, MEN, KEEP 'EM FLYING!!



A ROAR OF POWERFUL MOTORS BREAKS THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT ACROSS THE AIRFIELDS OF NEARBY SAN FRANCISCO FROM INTER-CENTER PLANES AT HIGH SPEED.



ALL RIGHT YOU YELLOW RATS..NOW YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR!!



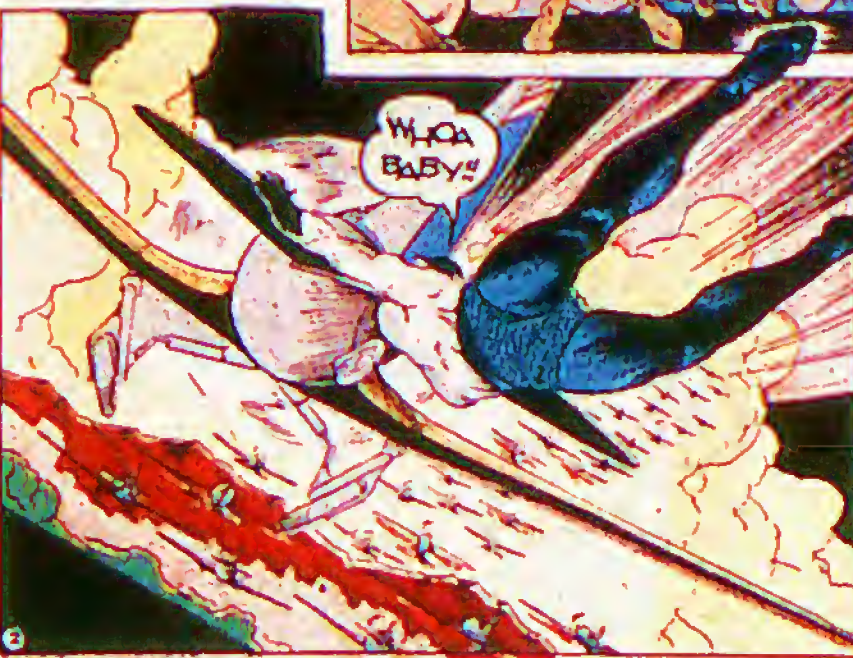
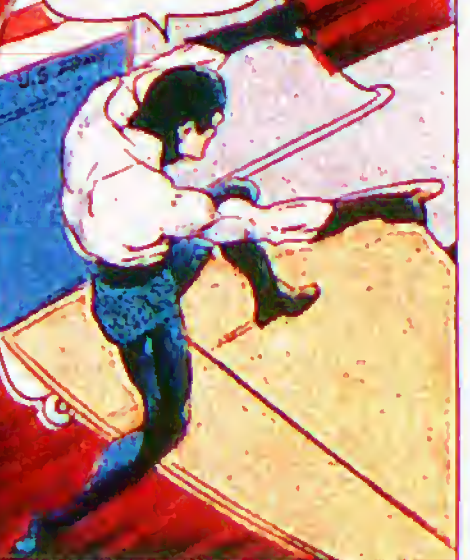
JUST THEN, A SUDDEN STREAK FLASHES THRU THE OFFICERS ON THE AIRFIELDS..



COMMANDER WILSON, LOOK! CHASING PLANES..IT'S QUICKSILVER!! QUICKSILVER! CALL THE PLANES BACK..WE WON'T NEED THEM NOW!!



I THINK I'LL LIKE THIS BETTER WITH MY FEET ON SOMETHING!



WHA BABY!!



...AND THEN SHOOTS UPWARD



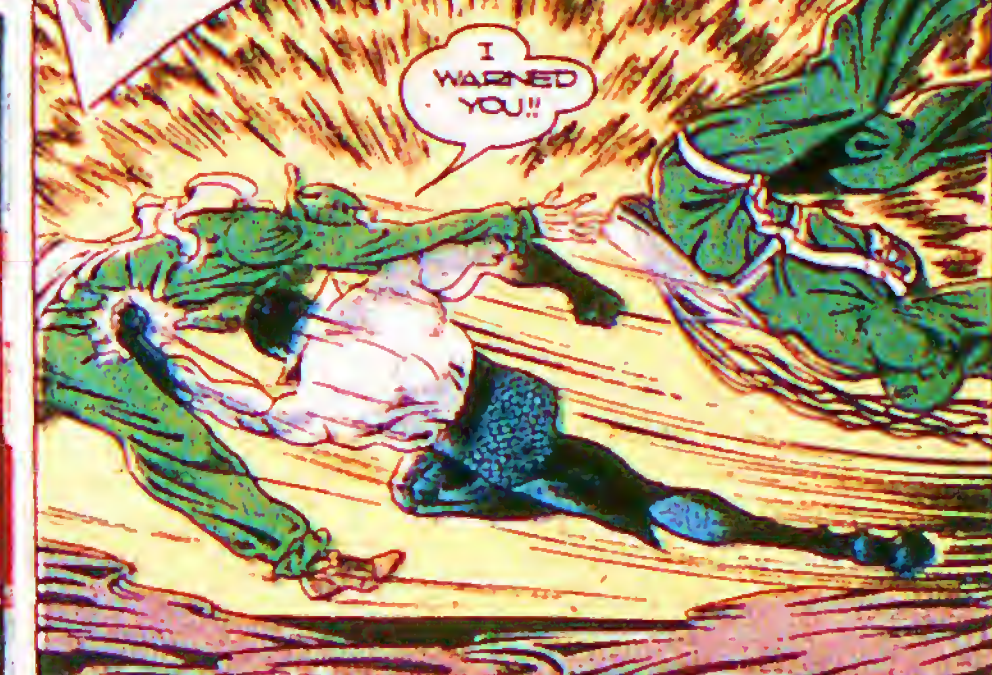
LIKE A FLASH.... QUICKER THAN STEERING THE PLANE HE IS ON, BELOW THE ONE, RELEASING ITS BOMBS

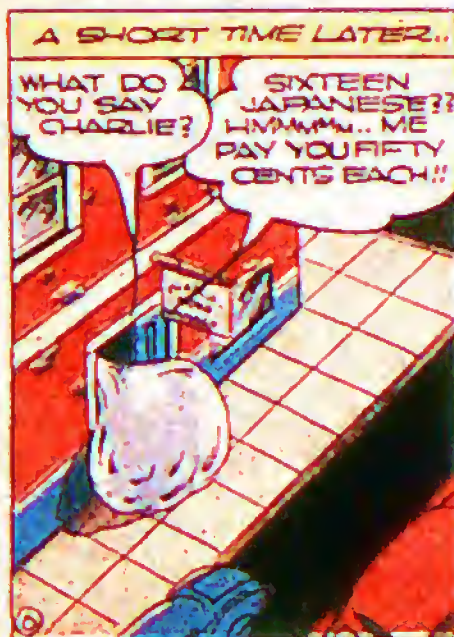
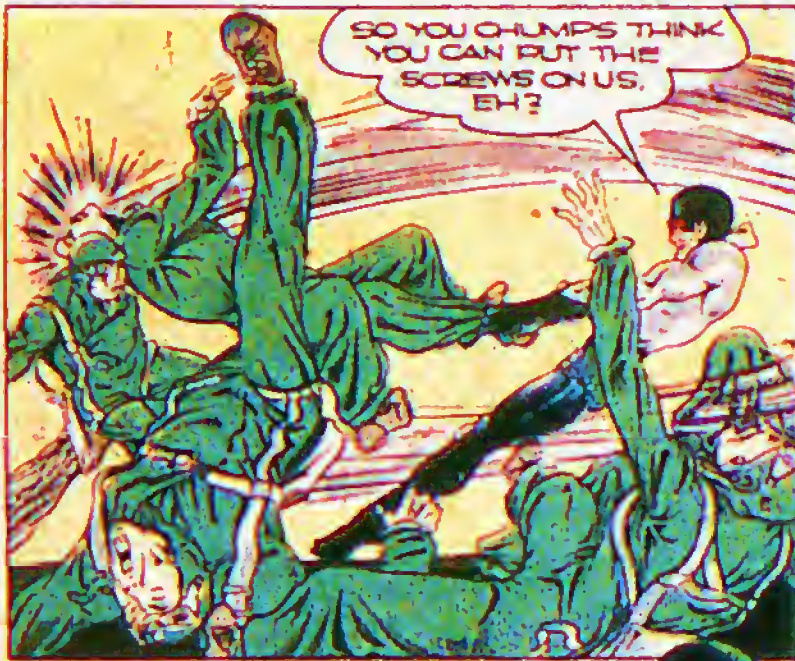


...AND THEN SHOOTS UPWARD



A SHORT TIME LATER





KID PATROL

By Dan Wilson



ENTHUSIASTIC GUESTS AT PORKY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, TEDDY AND SUNSHINE MARVEL AT THEIR YOUNG HOSTS AMAZING FOOD CAPACITY.

SHO' NUFF, YO' IS AGOIN' TO BUST WIDE OPEN, PORKY..DAT'S DE FIFTH PLATE!

AND I'LL BET HE CAN GO TEN MORE.



SUDDENLY, PORKY'S SISTER BREAKS UP HIS FAVORITE SPORT.. EATING.

BEFORE YOU DEVELOP TUMMY-ACHES, HOW ABOUT TRYING A SCAVENGER HUNT? THE KIDS WHO BRING BACK EVERYTHING ON THIS LIST GET ALL THE ICE CREAM THEY CAN EAT!

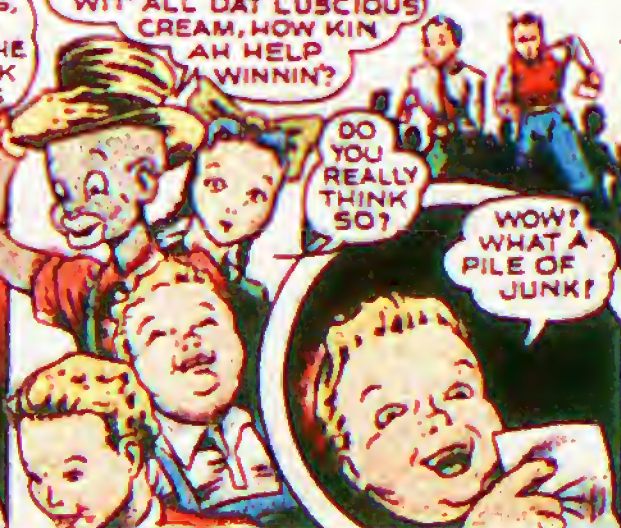


AND AS THE CHILDREN DIVIDE INTO GROUPS, THE KID PATROL TAKES THE LEAD.

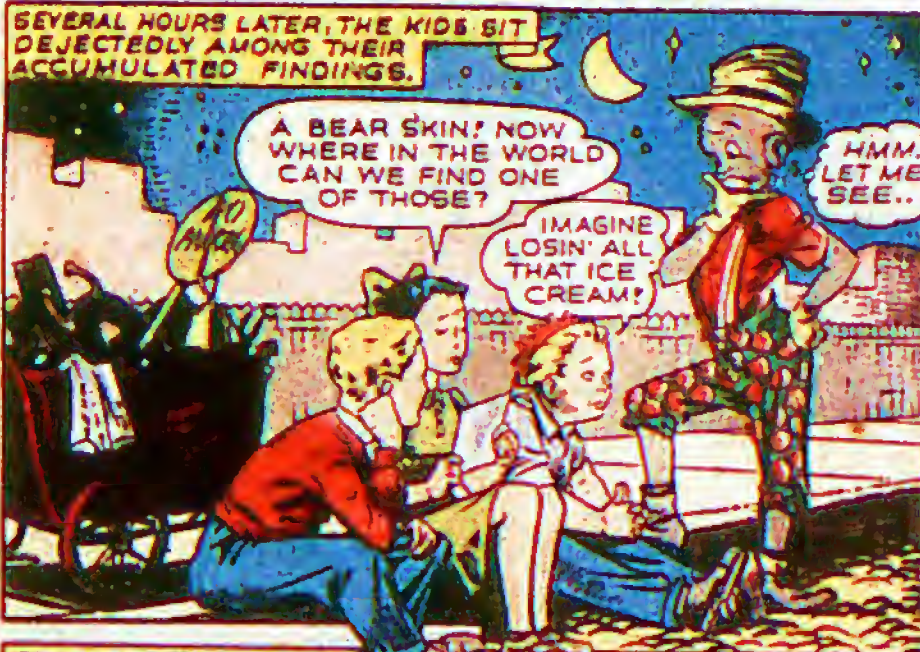
WIN? WHY, GIRL, WIT' ALL DAT LUSCIOUS CREAM, HOW KIN I AH HELP WINNIN'?

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?

WOW! WHAT A PILE OF JUNK!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE KIDS SIT DEJECTEDLY AMONG THEIR ACCUMULATED FINDINGS.



A BEAR SKIN! NOW WHERE IN THE WORLD CAN WE FIND ONE OF THOSE?

IMAGINE LOSIN' ALL THAT ICE CREAM!

HMM.. LET ME SEE..

AH KNOWS WHAR TO FIND ONE! JEST YO! FOLLOW ME!



STUMPED, THE KID PATROL FOLLOWS SUNSHINE SKEPTICALLY.



I SURE HOPE SUNSHINE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

HE'D BETTER!

FINALLY..

LOOK, TEDDY!

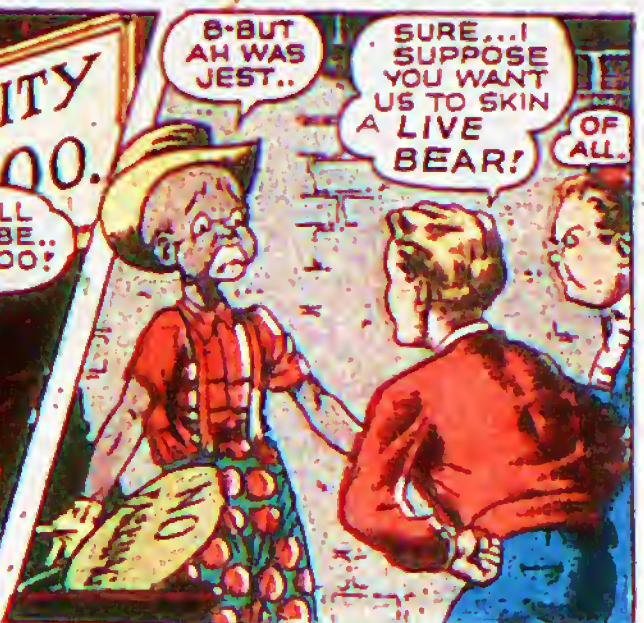
WE'LL BE.. THE ZOO!



B-BUT AH WAS JEST..

SURE... I SUPPOSE YOU WANT US TO SKIN A LIVE BEAR!

OF ALL..



SUDDENLY, SUNSHINE'S EYES FAIRLY POP OUT OF HIS HEAD.



GULP! L-LOOK!

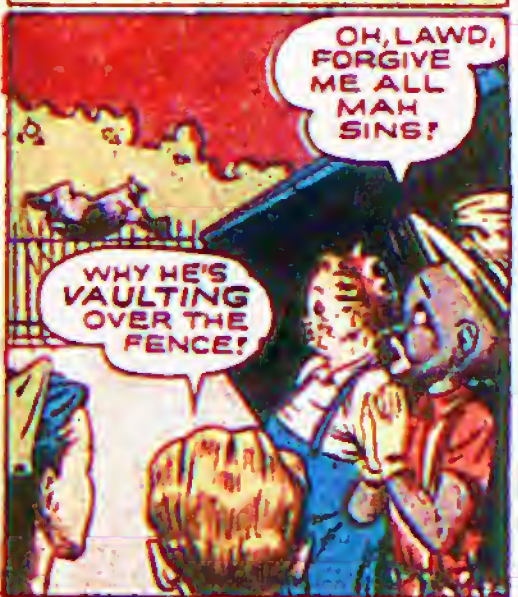
A BEAR!

WHAT'S HE DOIN' OUTSIDE HIS CAGE?



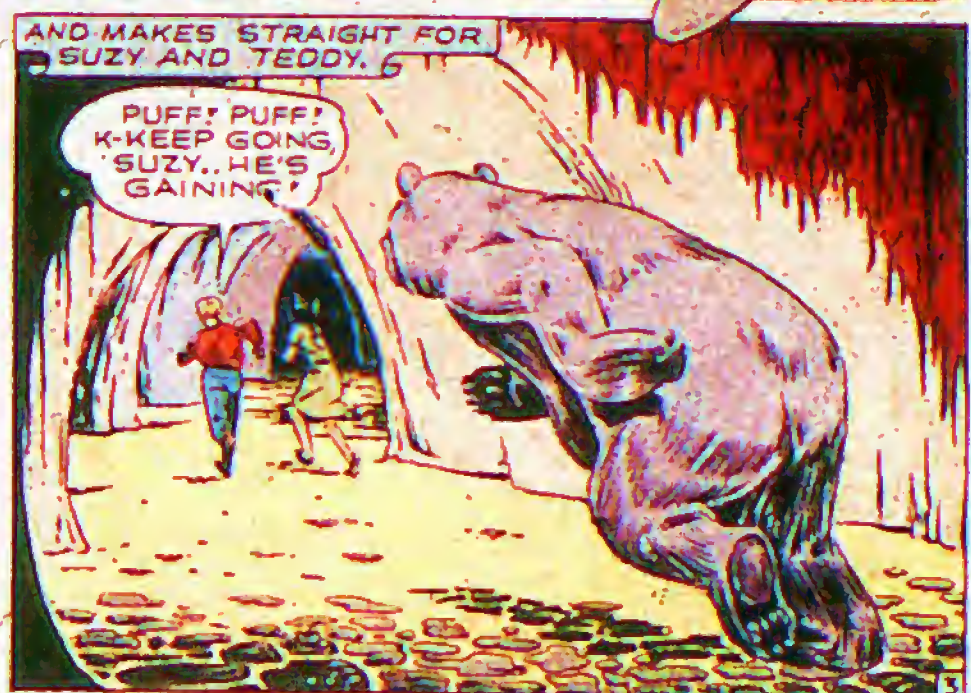
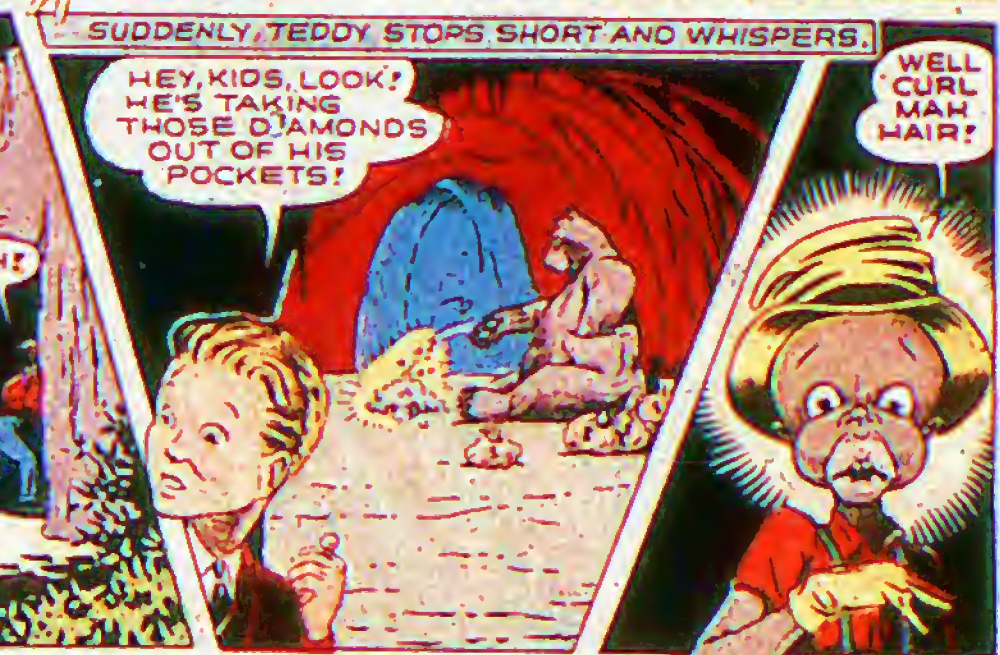
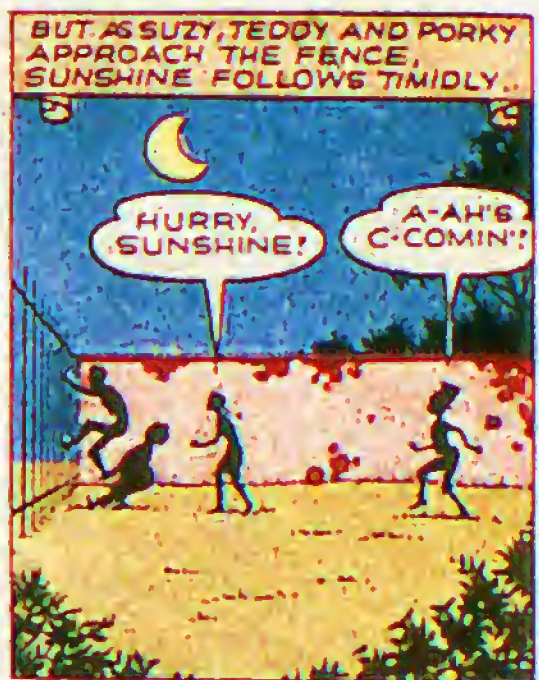
OH! MI-GOSH!

AND AS THEY HUDDLE AGAINST THE WALL, TERROR STRICKEN..



OH, LAWD, FORGIVE ME ALL MAH SINS!

WHY HE'S VAULTING OVER THE FENCE!



GASPING BREATHLESSLY, PORKY RACES IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

(PUFF, PUFF) LET ME OUT OF HERE!
(PUFF, PUFF)

AND TRIPS CLUMSILY IN THE DARK. . . .

OOF!

AN EARTHQUAKING ROAR SUDDENLY FILLS THE CAVE..

GRRRR

WHAT WAS THAT?

GROWLING VICIOUSLY, A MAMMOTH BEAR TAKES SHAPE AND A TERRIFIED PORKY SHIFTS INTO REVERSE.

OH! WHY DID I EAT ALL THAT ICE CREAM?!
(PUFF, PUFF)

GRR

TWO ENORMOUS EYES STARE WEIRDLY THROUGH THE BLACKNESS, AS HE HURTLES BY..

G-GHOSTS TOO!
OH G-G-GOSH!

VERY MUCH ALIVE, SUNSHINE STARES WONDERINGLY AFTER PORKY.. THEN...

OH, OH! HEAR COMES MO' TROUBLE!

PAHDON! ME, BOY!

BEATING A HASTY RETREAT, THE TWO KIDS BARGE IN ON A ROPE TYING SCENE.. A TELL-TALE BEAR COSTUME LIES DISCARDED ON THE FLOOR..

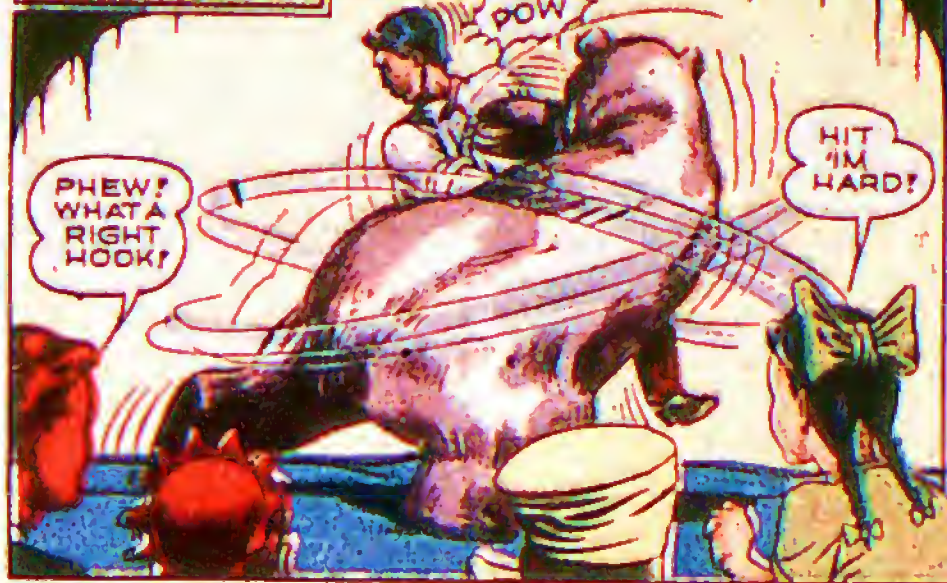
OAT'S US, BUT IT WON'T BE FO' LONG!

WHAT TH?

SUNSHINE!

PORKY!

AS THE KID PATROL DUCKS, THE ENRAGED BEAR SWINGS A POWERFUL PAW.



WEAKENED FROM LONG HIBERNATION, THE BEAR STAGGERS BACK TO HIS CAVE, LEAVING A DAZED VICTIM BEHIND HIM.



TURNING SLEEPILY, PORKY IS UNAWARE OF THE CULPRIT'S QUICK RECOVERY..



BINDING THE WRITHING BEAR MASQUERADER, TEDDY HAILS A PASSING WATCHMAN..



AND THE DUMBFOUNDED KEEPER DEPARTS WITH A SULLEN PRISONER IN TOW..



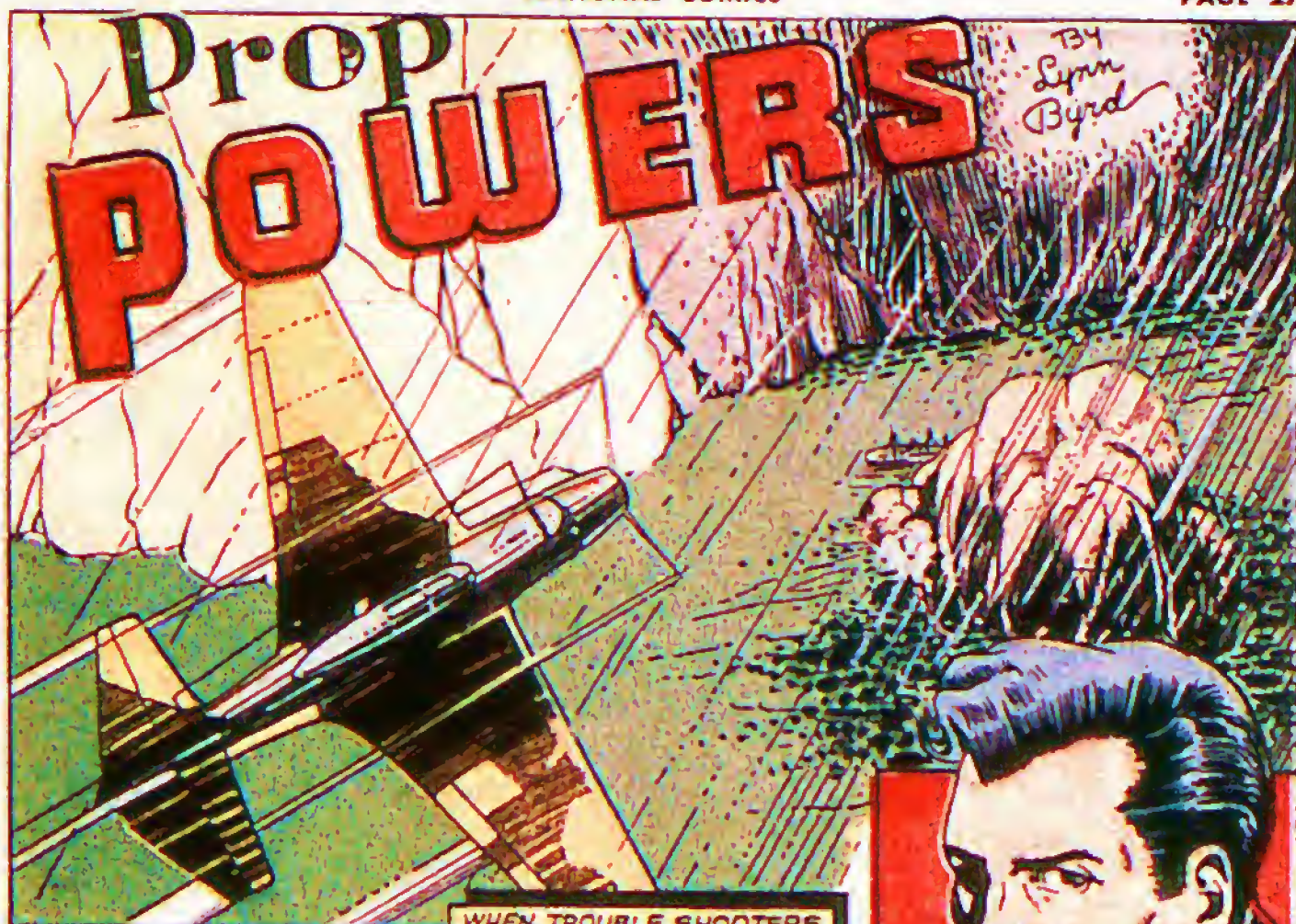
THE STRANGE PROCESSION MOVES HOMEWARD..



BACK AT PORKY'S HOUSE..



INNOCENT CURIOSITY LEADS THE UNSUSPECTING KID PATROL INTO ANOTHER UNCANNY ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **NATIONAL COMICS**



ON COAST PATROL, PROP AND LANK TEAR INTO A LASHING STORM.

CONTACT
OUR BASE,
LANK. TIME
TO REPORT!

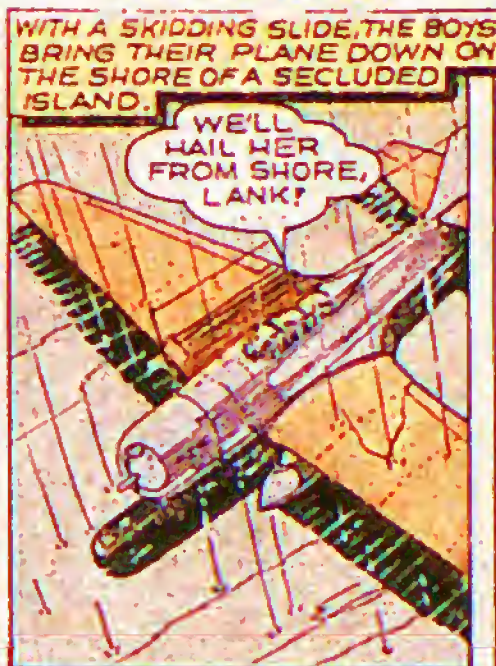
WHEN TROUBLE SHOOTERS
ARE WANTED, THE CALL
GOES OUT FOR THE
U.S. COAST GUARD HEROES,
PROP POWERS AND HIS
PAL LANK, WHO BATTLE
THE INSIDIOUS ENEMIES
OF AMERICA...

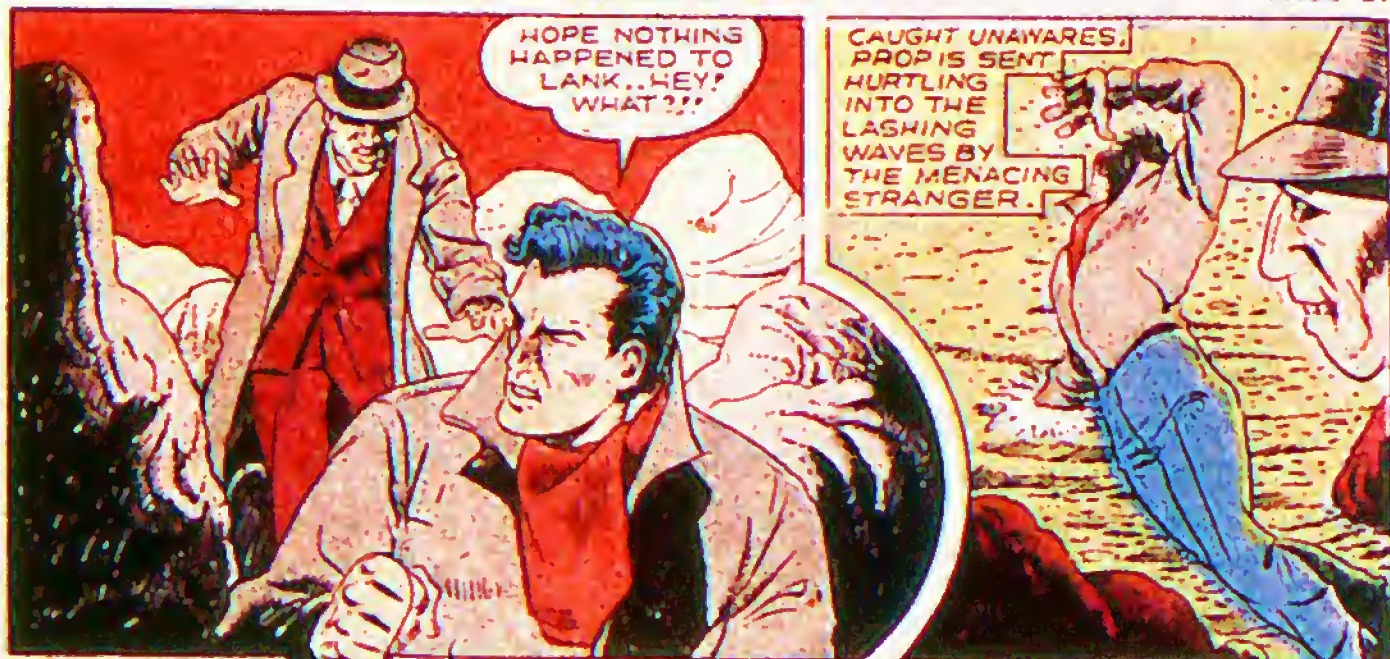
PROP POWERS! S.O.S.
CALL FROM S.S. ABILENE.
LATITUDE 15° LONGITUDE
64°. ASSIST SHIP IF
POSSIBLE. THAT
IS ALL.

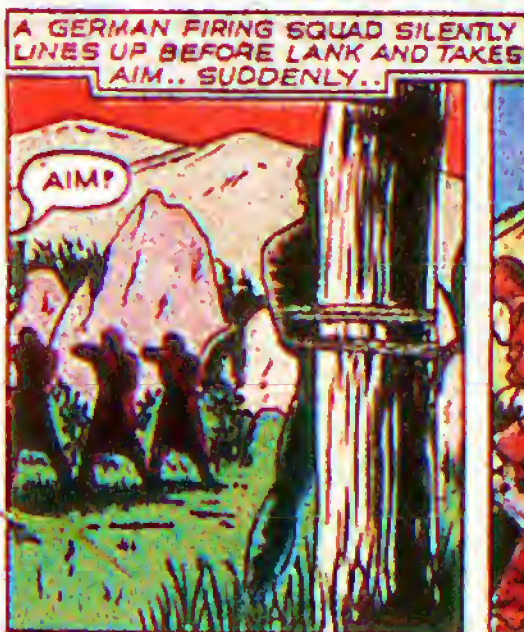
THERE'S
OUR CUE
FOR
ACTION!

WE'LL BE OVER THEM
IN A COUPLE OF
MINUTES.. HOPE
WE CAN DO
SOMETHING!

RIGHT!





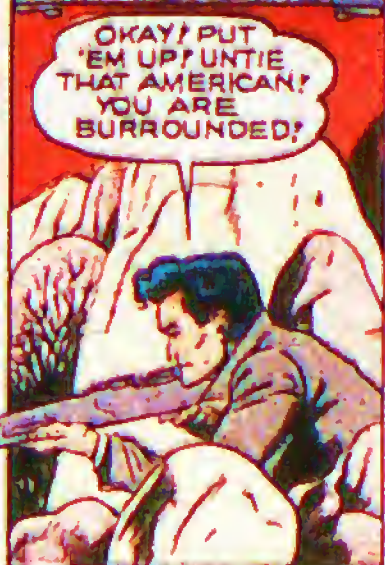


THE STERN REICH CAPTAIN HEARS THE SHARP GUNFIRE COMING FROM THE BRUSH.



GOOD! MY MEN HAF TAKEN CARE OF THE INTRUDERS!

SUDDENLY, A HEAD POPS UP THROUGH THE GRASS NEAR THE CLEARING.



OKAY! PUT 'EM UP! UNTIE THAT AMERICAN! YOU ARE BURROUNDED!



NOW TO GET ON THE OTHER SIDE AND KEEP UP THE BLUFF!

STAND BACK AND DON'T MOVE! C'MON, LANK!



SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YA, PAL!

BUT SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE NAZIS STUMBLES INTO CAMP.



HERR KAPITAN! HE IS ALONE! GRAB HIM!



RUN FOR THE PLANE, LANK! I'LL FOLLOW!

RIGHT.

FIGHTING TO THEIR PLANE, THE BOYS ZOOM INTO THE AIR.



RADIO OUR BASE AND TELL 'EM TO SEND OUT BOMBERS!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY PASS A SQUADRON OF BOMBERS ENROUTE TO THE GERMAN BASE.



AMERICAN EAGLES OF THE AIR!

THERE THEY GO!

BACK AT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS.



FLASH!! A SECRET NAZI BASE WAS WIPE OUT BY OUR FORCES THIS AFTER-NOON...

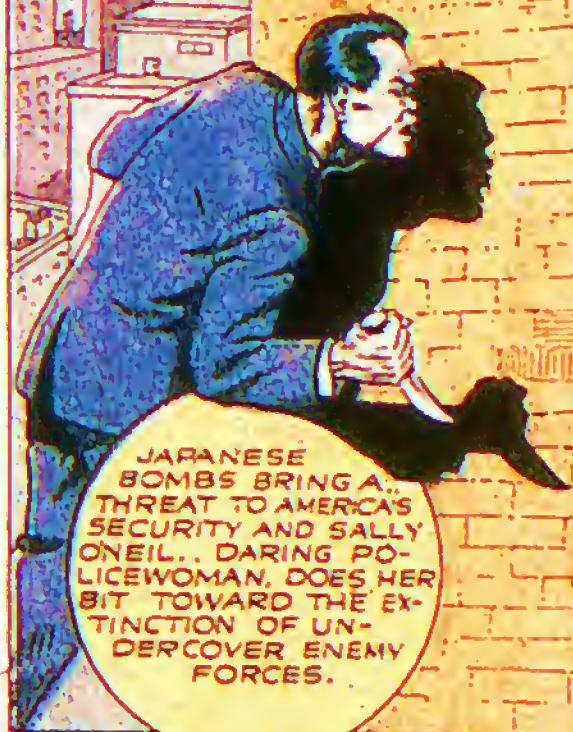
THAT'S THAT!

PROP AND LANK FLY INTO MORE THRILLING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

SALLY O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

by Frank Kearns



JAPANESE BOMBS BRING A... THREAT TO AMERICA'S SECURITY AND SALLY O'NEIL... DARING POLICEWOMAN, DOES HER BIT TOWARD THE EXTINCTION OF UNDERCOVER ENEMY FORCES.

ON DUTY IN THE JAPANESE QUARTER, SALLY SEEMS TO BE FINDING THINGS STRANGELY SILENT.



IT SURE IS QUIET DOWN HERE. ALMOST GHOSTLY!

SUDDENLY, SHE NOTICES TWO SUSPICIOUS MEN...

HMM... WHAT GOES ON?



HERE NIKI... ALL THE DOPE YOU ASKED FOR!

IS GOOD!





SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT HIM. I THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM..

AT LAST..THE AMERICAN DEFENSE PLANS?



SALLY TRAILS HIM TO AN ABANDONED HOUSE IN THE JAPANESE SECTION.

HE'S GOING INTO THAT OLD BUILDING?



I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING!



THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT ROOM.



SILENTLY APPROACHING THE DOOR, SHE PEERS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.



THESE PLANS WILL BE A GREAT HELP TO OUR NAVY.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, NIKI..



AS HE LUNGES FOR HER, SALLY DUCKS.

GOT YOU!

NOT YET!



SALLY'S STOOPING FORM IS SPOTTED BY ANOTHER JAP IN THE HALLWAY..

MY SAINTED ANCESTORS! A GIRL!



THE COMMOTION OUTSIDE BRINGS THE OTHERS ON THE RUN.

I BETTER MOVE FAST!

STOP!





BY MY ANCESTORS...
I'LL SLIT HER
THROAT!



TYING ONE END OF THE
ROPE TO HER BELT...

IF THIS
DOESN'T
WORK...



SHE DASHES TO A HOOK AND
FASTENS THE OTHER END...

...I'M GOING
TO BE A WAR
CASUALTY!

AND AGAIN DROPS TO
ANOTHER LEDGE TO
AVOID THE ASSASSIN
WHO FOLLOWS.



IF I ONLY
HAD MY
GUN!

YOU WILL
SOON MEET
YOUR MAKER!

MEANWHILE, IN A WINDOW
OVERLOOKING THE LEDGE...

HA HA! THE
FLY WALKS IN
MY WEB!



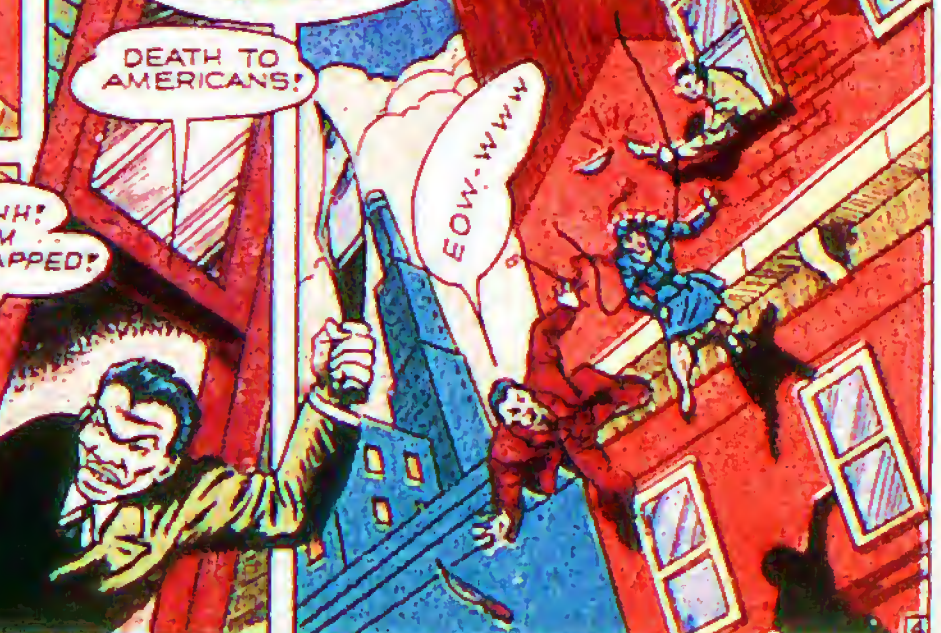
AS THE BLADE SWISHES
TOWARD HER, SALLY
PUSHES THE JAP OFF
THE LEDGE AND JUMPS.

DEATH TO
AMERICANS!

SUDDENLY, THE
OTHER MENACE
IS SEEN.



OHH!
I'M
TRAPPED!

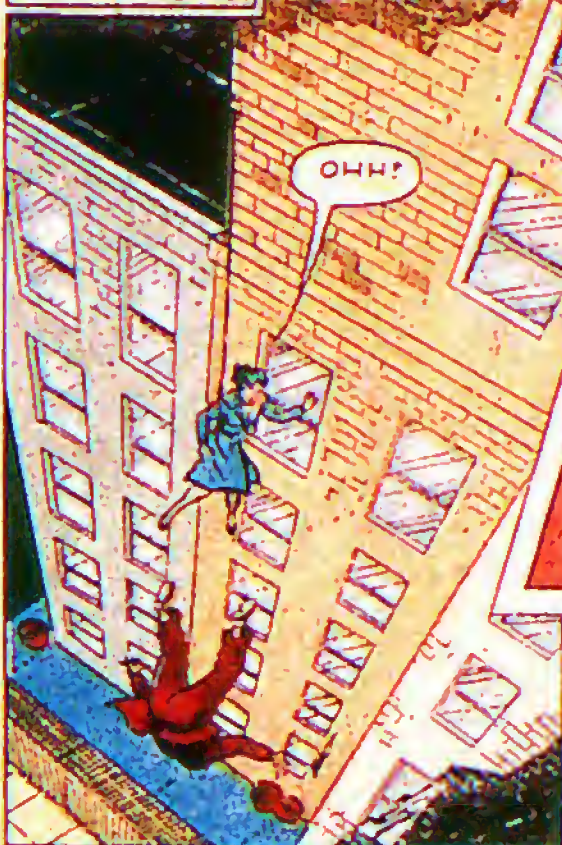


EOW-WWWW

AS THE SON OF NIPPON PLUMMETS TO HIS DEATH, SALLY IS SAVED BY THE ROPE.

SHE PULLS HERSELF INTO ANOTHER WINDOW.

WHEE! FROM NOW ON I'M LIVING ON BORROWED TIME!



SHE TIPTOES TO THE DOOR AND CAUTIOUSLY OPENS IT.

EEE!



LEAPING BACK IN THE ROOM, SALLY MANEUVERS TO AVOID THE HAND OF DEATH.

'YOU NO GET AWAY THIS TIME!'



IN A FRENZY OF RAGE, THE JAP SEIZES A BOTTLE...



AND HURLS IT AT SALLY...



OFFICERS BELOW ARE ATTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF THE BROKEN BOTTLE.



BUT SALLY IS STILL PLAYING TAG WITH DEATH WHEN HER HEEL CATCHES.



IN A FLASH, THE KILLER LEAPS UPON THE PROSTRATED GIRL.



AS THE BLADE WHIZZES DOWN...



SALLY TWISTS HER BODY AND KNOCKS THE JAP OUT WITH A WELL-PLACED KICK.



THE POLICE BREAK IN AND TAKE OVER.



SALLY STUMBLES INTO ANOTHER WHIRLWIND ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.

PEN MILLER

Men outside the law are again brought to justice... as Pen Miller, famous cartoonist-detective, sets out in search of another story for his cartoon series..

By (Kings)

RETURNING FROM A SOUTHERN JAUNT, THE CARTOONIST AND HIS VALET PASS THROUGH THE HILL COUNTRY..

MIST' MILLER, I ASK CHAP PLONE ON GLOUND IF WE ON LIGHT HIGHWAY ... !!

GLACIOUS! FELLOW VELLY DEAD DLUNK!

NOT DEAD DRUNK, CHOP! DEAD!

WE'D BETTER REPORT THIS TO THE LOCAL SHERIFF..!

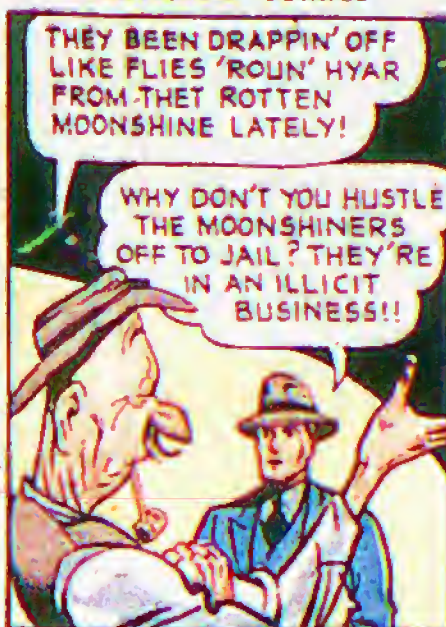
JUDAS! DON'T TELL ME HE'S DEAD, TOO!

HUH?

WHO DAID?

WHO?

HUH?





GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU!

WHUT'S COMIN' OFF H-? GOSH!



THESE HYAR HILLS AIN'T HEALTHY FER FURRINERS! GIT BACK TUH YER CITY!!



AS PEN AND HIS HOUSEBOY STROLL OFF...

WHUP! THAT CINCHES THEIR GUILT!

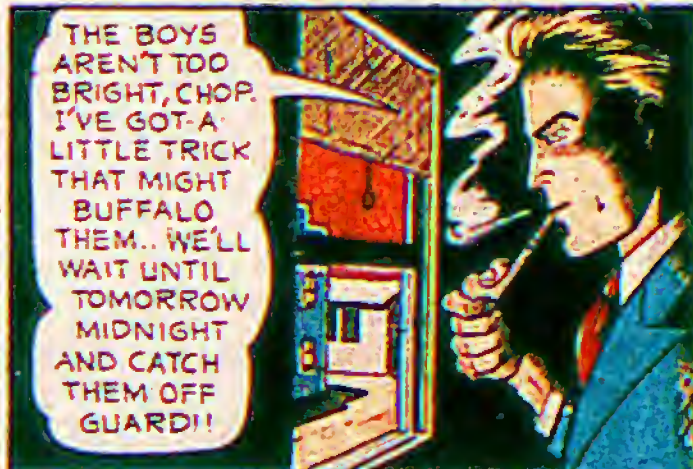


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT—

PULL YOUR PANTS ON, BOYS... AND LET'S GO!



THE TWO MEN PUT UP AT AN INN...



THE BOYS AREN'T TOO BRIGHT, CHOP. I'VE GOT A LITTLE TRICK THAT MIGHT BUFFALO THEM... WE'LL WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW MIDNIGHT AND CATCH THEM OFF GUARD!!



THE STILL'S BEEN RAIDED, BOYS. THE MOONSHINERS ARE UNDER ARREST. WE NEED YOUR TRUCK TO HAUL AWAY THE EQUIPMENT. HOP TO IT! TIME'S A-WASTING!



WAAL!

AH'LL BE--!



AND THE DAZED AND DELUDED DOLTS COMPLY.

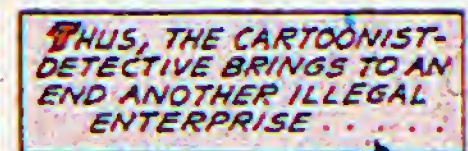


POOR LITTLE CHOP CHU IS FORCED TO RIDE IN THE VAN

GLACIOUS! I TUST FELLOWS DO NOT DISCOVER TLUK BEFORE WE ALLIVE!



WAAL WHUT NOW, FURRINER?



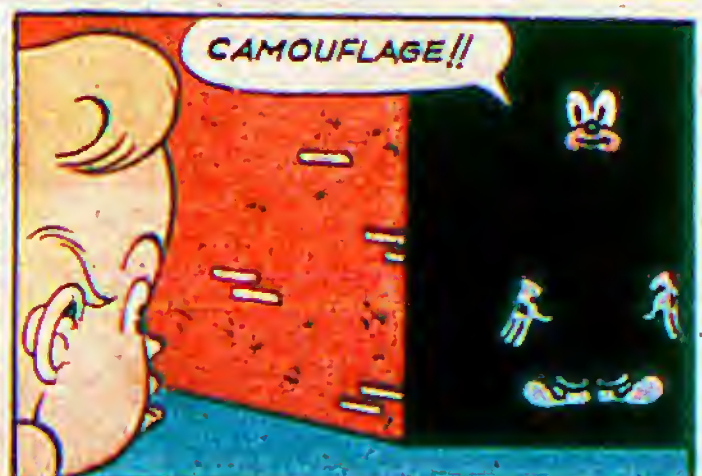
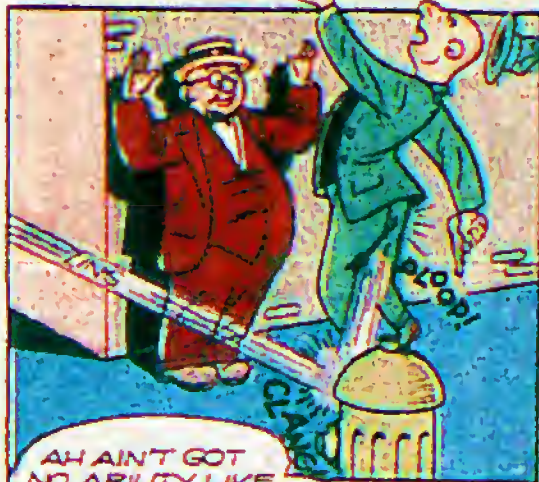
CYCLONE CUPID

HE
AIN'T
STUPID!

CYCLONE IS FLYING
OVER HAZLEN...

GILL
FOX

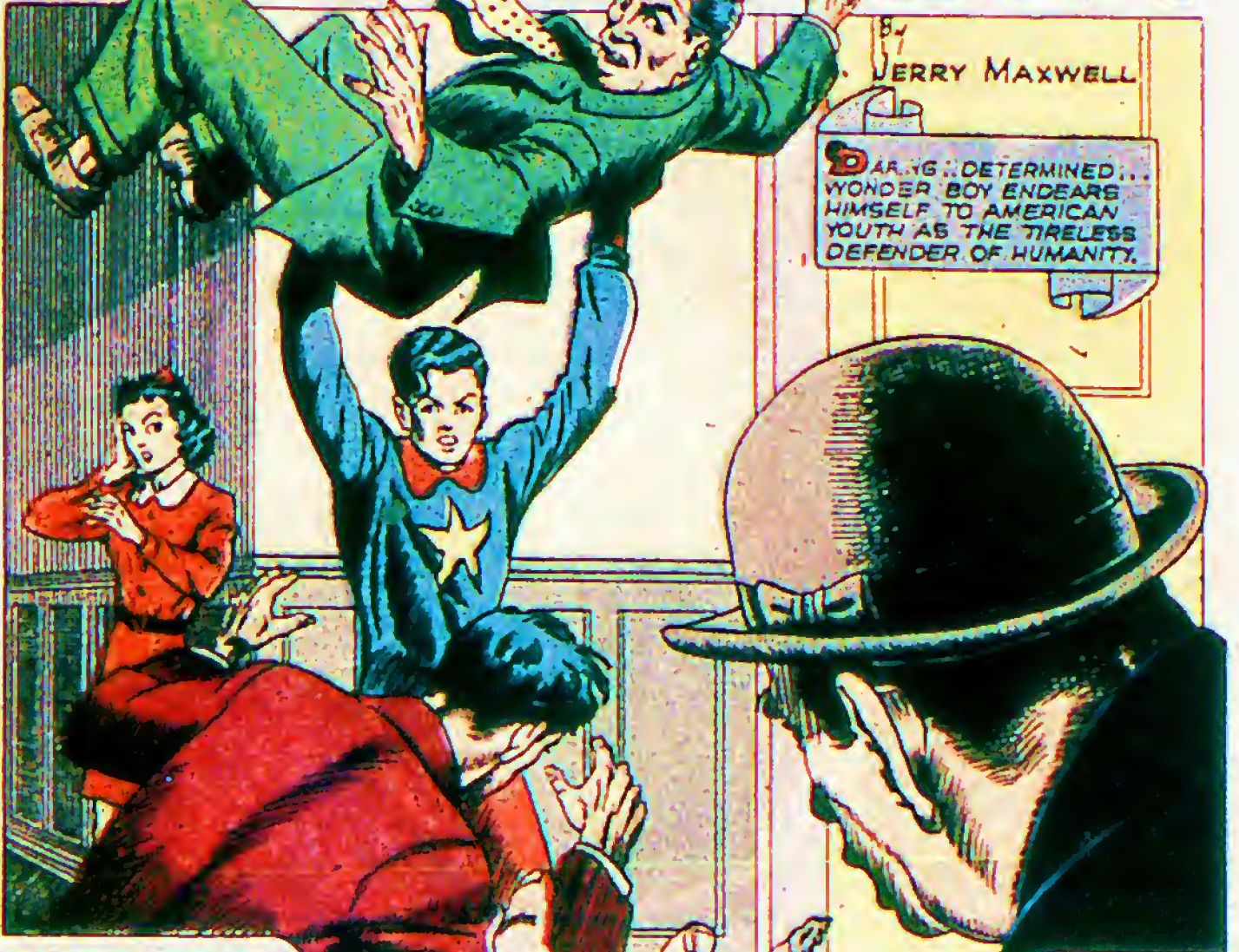
HEY, WHAT YO'
DOIN', FLYIN'
ON TH' WRONG
SIDE OF DE
AIR?



WONDER BOY

By JERRY MAXWELL

DARING & DETERMINED...
WONDER BOY ENDEARS
HIMSELF TO AMERICAN
YOUTH AS THE TIRELESS
DEFENDER OF HUMANITY.



STROLLING THROUGH
THE CITY SLUM AREA,
WONDER BOY FINDS A
TRAGIC SIGHT.

S-AY! LOOKS
LIKE THOSE
FOLKS AREN'T
TOO HAPPY
ABOUT
MOVING.



HELLO,
SON!

IS THERE SOMETHING
WRONG, MAM? CAN
I HELP?



CHOKING BACK HER TEARS, DORIS EMERY EXPLAINS:

THE LANDLORD RAISED OUR RENT SO HIGH, WE JUST COULDN'T PAY IT AND HE EVICTED US!

JUST LEAD ME TO THE LANDLORD'S OFFICE, DORIS..I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!

SURE THIS IS IT, DORIS?

YES, BUT M-MAYBE WE'D BETTER NOT...



WE CERTAINLY ARE GOING IN.. OH, HELLO.. WE WANT TO SEE NICK GATTO!

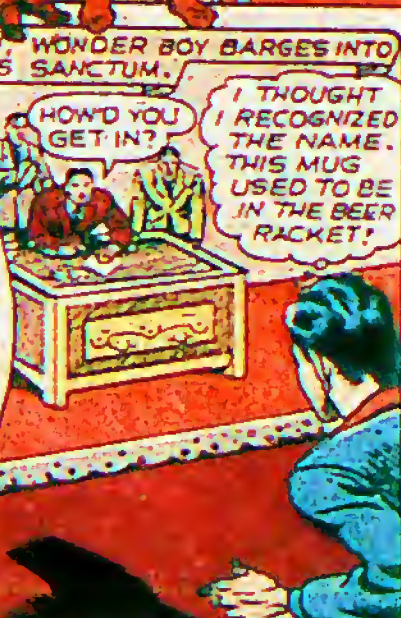
SCRAM, PUNK..THE BOSS AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR BRATS!

WELL HE'S GOIN' TO MAKE TIME, WISE GUY!

AND SOON, WONDER BOY BARGES INTO GATTO'S SANCTUM.

HOW'D YOU GET IN?

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THE NAME. THIS MUG USED TO BE IN THE BEER RACKET!



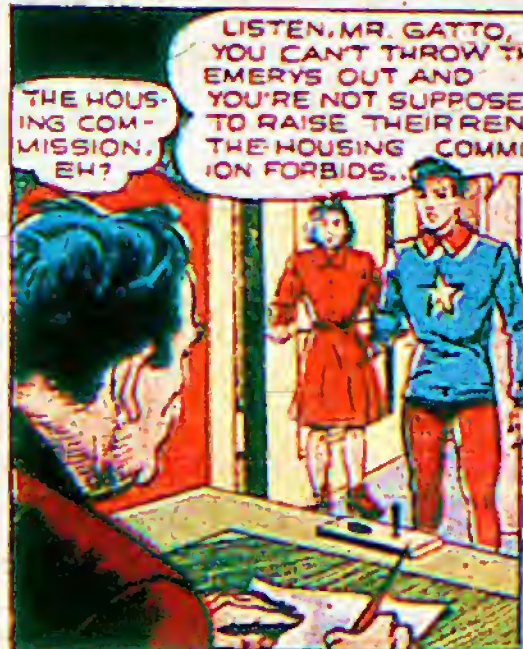
THE HOUSING COM-MISSION, EH?

LISTEN, MR. GATTO, YOU CAN'T THROW THE EMERYS OUT AND YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO RAISE THEIR RENT! THE HOUSING COM-MISSION FORBIDS..

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH FER A LITTLE SUCKER! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS!

BUT..

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU GORILLAS.. I CAN'T WASTE TIME THOUGH, MESSIN' AROUND WITH TRIPE!





FURIOUSLY, GATTO BARKS ORDERS, AS WONDER BOY AND DORIS ESCAPE.

IF YOU DUMB CLUCKS DON'T NAB THOSE KIDS BEFORE THEY SPILL THE BEANS TO THE COMMISSIONER, THIS RENT RACKET IS ALL WASHED UP!... GET GOIN'!



SOON, IN A NEIGHBORING SKYSCRAPER'S LOBBY...

SUDDENLY...

WE'LL TAKE THE NEXT ELEVATOR UP TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE! DON'T BE AFRAID TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING!

HEY! LET HER GO!

OH!

COLD RAGE ADDING FORCE TO HIS OVERWHELMING STRENGTH, WONDER BOY SMASHES THE STEEL DOORS.



THOSE DIRTY CROOKS! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON GATTO'S STOOGES...



GRASPING A HANGING CABLE, HE CLINGS TO THE ASCENDING LIFT.

... THE ELEVATOR NEARS THE TOP FLOOR...



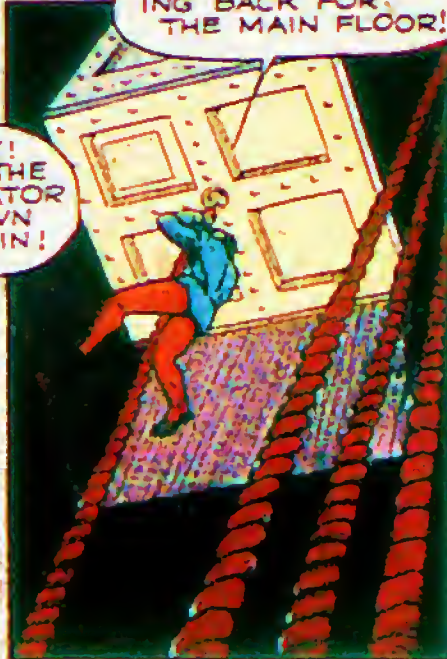
IF YOU MUGGS HURT THAT GIRL, I'LL...



STARTLED, THE THUGS' EYES FAIRLY POP...

HUH?! THE BRATS ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS MONKEY CAGE!

QUICK! SEND THE ELEVATOR DOWN AGAIN!



SO! WE'RE HEADING BACK FOR THE MAIN FLOOR!



AS THE CAR NEARS THE BOTTOM, WONDER BOY JUMPS AND BRACES HIMSELF.

NOW, LET IT COME!

HIS POWERFUL ARMS WARD OFF THE CRUSHING BLOW OF THE DESCENDING ELEVATOR.

DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME, DID YOU, FELLAS?

RAT-LIKE, GATTO DESERTS THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE LIFT'S ROOF.

OWW!

THIS OUGHT TO PROVE HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!

WHY YOU LITTLE..

BUT WONDER BOY FOLLOWS QUICKLY AND..

GET DOWN THERE WITH THE REST OF THOSE MONKEYS, GATTO!

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT.

TRAPPED?

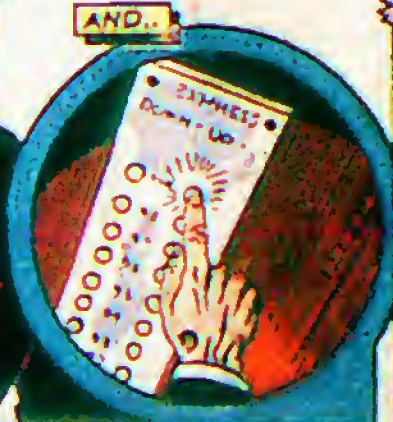
FIENDISHLY, GATTO GLOATS.

NOW WE'VE GOT THAT DUMB BRAT JUST WHERE WE WANT HIM!

AS THE CAR SPEEDS UPWARD, WONDER BOY AGAIN BRACES HIMSELF FOR THE TERRIFIC IMPACT INTENDED TO SMASH HIM TO A PULP.

A HAIR'S BREATH FROM THE ROOF, AN OPEN SHAFT PROVIDES AN ESCAPE.

UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?





THIS MAY NOT BE AS FAST AS THE ELEVATOR, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO!



REACHING THE LOBBY...

MY LITTLE PLAY-MATES SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.



AND AS THE LIFT DOORS SLIDE OPEN...

HUH?

HI, FELLAS! HOW WAS THE RIDE?

STUNNED BY WONDER BOY'S UNHARMED APPEARANCE, THE THUGS ARE TAKEN OFF GUARD!



SURPRISED, EH?

MAYBE THIS'LL SHOW YOU HOW I FEEL ABOUT RATS!



OOF!

AND AN EXTRA SPECIAL DISH FOR YOU, GATTO!

SUDDENLY, THE HOUSING COMMISSIONER APPEARS, ASKING THE REASON FOR ALL THE EXCITEMENT.

NICK GATTO AND HIS GANG JUST TRIED TO DISPOSSES DORIS EMERY'S FAMILY, BUT I CHANGED THEIR MINDS!

NICK GATTO!



SON, YOU'VE DONE AN AMAZING JOB... I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET EVIDENCE ON THAT MOB OF RENT RACKETEERS FOR MONTHS! OF COURSE DORIS' FAMILY CAN MOVE BACK!

OH, THANK YOU!

WONDER BOY RETURNS IN THE NEXT National Comics.



SEEKING RESPIRE FROM THEIR PRIVATE DETECTIVE ACTIVITIES, JACK AND JILL ACCEPT A HARMLESS INVITATION, AND PLUNGE HEAD-
LONG INTO AN EVIL PLAN FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF A TROPICAL RUBBER PLANTATION.

AS GUESTS OF WEALTHY DENNIS PALMER, JACK AND JILL DOE ARE CRUISING OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA ABOARD PALMER'S YACHT.

JOINING THE SLEUTHS ON DECK, PALMER OFFERS A SUGGESTION.

SAY, YOU TWO, WERE JUST PULLING BY THE ISLAND OF MARAJÓ... WANT TO GO ASHORE?

OH, YES! LET'S!

SURE, DENNIS. MIGHT BE FUN!



THE YACHT DOCKS AT A SMALL PIER, AND PALMER LEADS THE WAY ACROSS A TROPICAL PARADISE.

WE'RE GAME FOR ANYTHING ONCE!

BY THE WAY, I OWN A RUBBER PLANTATION HERE... LIKE TO WATCH THEM TAP THE TREES?



SUDDENLY, THE SHRILL ECHO OF A PISTOL BULLET SPLITS THE HEAVY AIR, AND...



DENNIS!

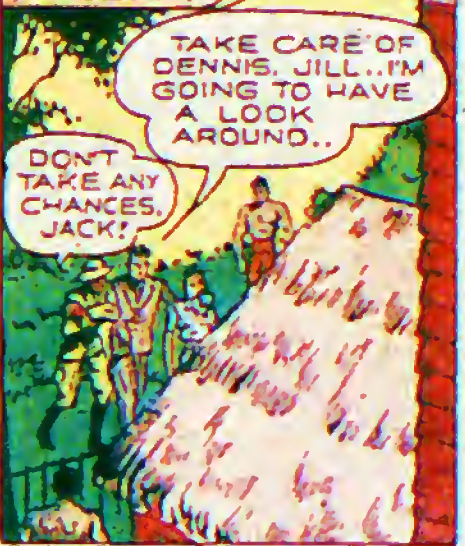
GET DOWN!

OW?

PHREW! LUCKY THEY ONLY GOT YOU IN THE SHOULDER, OLD MAN! SOMEONE'S MIGHTY INTERESTED IN KEEPING YOU OUT OF HERE!



AT THEIR HOST'S PLANTATION HOUSE...



TAKE CARE OF DENNIS, JILL... I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND...

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, JACK!

SEEMS TO ME THERE'S A LOT MORE THAN RUBBER SAP BEING PRODUCED IN THESE PARTS!



STARTLED, JACK STOPS AS VOICES DRIFT THROUGH THE SILENT GROVE...

BUT I TELL YOU, ENRICO, I HAD TO SHOOT HIM. WHAT IF HE SHOULD...



HE WILL NOT!

WHAT? TREES DON'T TALK!

FROM BEHIND A HUGE TRUNK, JACK WITNESSES A STRANGE SCENE.



WELL? I'LL BE...

FURIOUS, A BURLY WHITE MAN FACES A PLEADING NATIVE.



PLEASE, ENRICO, I WAS ONLY AFRAID FOR YOU...

YOU ARE A FOOL, LORITA! IF YOUR STUPIDITY HAS SPOILED MY PLANS THIS TIME, THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER TIME!

SEÑOR PALMER MUST NOT FIND OUT! ENRICO WILL NOT EXCUSE FAILURE! NOW GET TO WORK BEFORE THE LABORERS RETURN FROM THEIR MIDDAY SIESTA!



SUSPICIOUS, JACK TRAILS THE NATIVE GIRL AS SHE STOPS BEFORE EACH TAPPING SHELL.

TURNING SWIFTLY, LORITA GRASPS THE SAP FILLED SHELL, AND...

FINALLY...

THIS STUFF STICKS LIKE GLUE... SAY, THAT LITTLE VIXEN VANISHED!



DROP THAT BOTTLE, LORITA! YOU'LL NEVER POISON ANOTHER TREE!

EH?



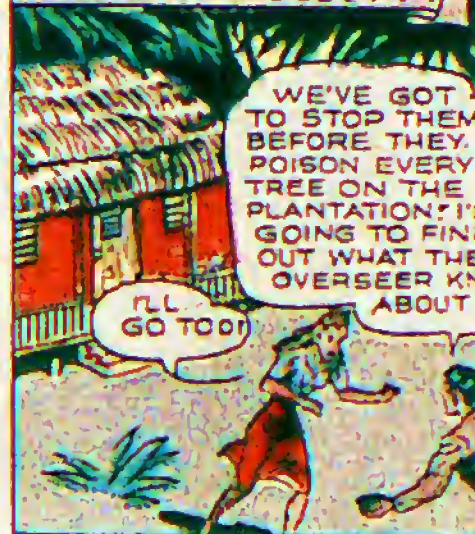
SO? YOU WANT TO MAKE TROUBLE, SENOR?

UGH?



RACING BACK TO PALMER'S HOUSE, JACK BREATHLESSLY BABBLES HIS STARTLING DISCOVERY TO JILL...

AS THEY NEAR THE OVERSEER'S HOUSE, A DISAPPEARING FIGURE ATTRACTS JACK'S ATTENTION.

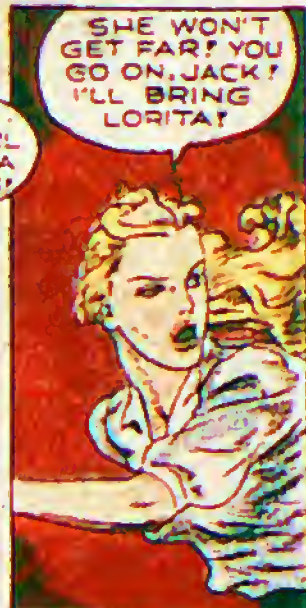


WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY POISON EVERY TREE ON THE PLANTATION! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE OVERSEER KNOWS ABOUT THIS!

I'LL GO TOO!



HEY, JILL! THAT'S LORITA. THE NATIVE GIRL WHO GAVE ME A RUBBER BATH!



SHE WON'T GET FAR! YOU GO ON, JACK! I'LL BRING LORITA!

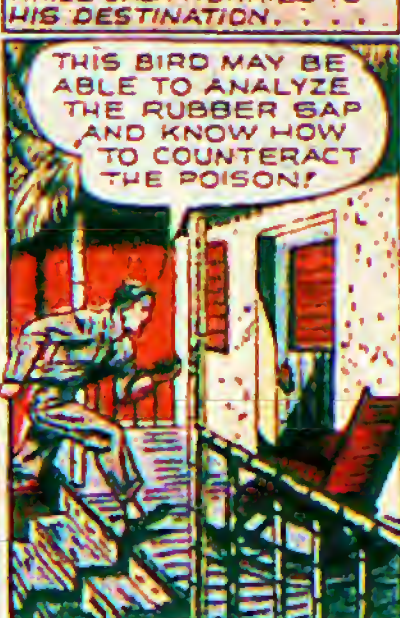
AND THE CHASE BEGINS...

WHILE JACK HURRIES TO HIS DESTINATION...

BUT TO HIS ASTONISHMENT...



I'LL TEACH YOU TO RUIN MY HUSBAND'S GOOD SUIT!



THIS BIRD MAY BE ABLE TO ANALYZE THE RUBBER SAP AND KNOW HOW TO COUNTERACT THE POISON!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OF ALL THE SO YOU'RE THE RAT WHO IS DOSING THE RUBBER TREES?

CORNERED, ENRICO BECOMES A SNARLING BEAST.

THICK, GREASY FLUID STREAMS TO THE FLOOR, AS THE OVERSEER ATTACKS.

AND THAT, ENRICO, BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE YOUR PUDGY FACE!

OOF!

AND WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME?

YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, MISTER!

THAT? FOR CROSSING ENRICO?

AND THE BURLY MADMAN SPRAWLS GROTESQUELY IN THE POOL OF RUBBER SAP.

AT THIS MOMENT, THE FEMALE TAG GAME RETURNS TO ITS STARTING POINT.

YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED, LITTLE WILD CAT!

ENRICO! ENRICO! SHE KEEL ME!

BUT LORITA TOO TAKES THE FATAL DIVE.

PRESENTED WITH THE CRINGING CULPRITS AND AN AMAZING STORY, DENNIS PALMER OFFERS SINCERE THANKS.

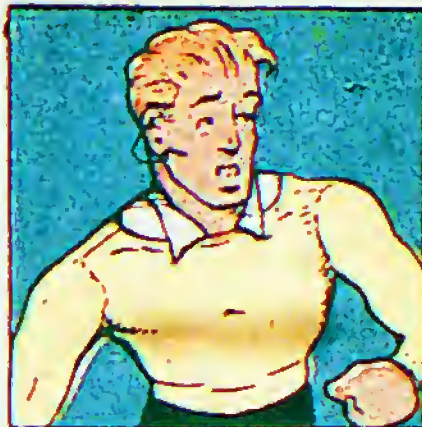
SMALL COST FOR A THRILLING VACATION

YOU'VE BOTH DONE A MIGHTY FINE JOB, AND I'M TRULY GRATEFUL!

JACK FORCES A CONFESSION.

NOW, YOU SLIMY SPECIMENS, YOU ARE GOING TO TELL MR. PALMER ALL ABOUT YOUR DIRTY SCHEME TO POISON ALL RUBBER GOING TO THE U.S.!

JACK AND JILL, ACE CRIME DETECTORS, UPROOT ANOTHER EVIL SCHEME IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.



ALL his life Ricky wanted a huntin' mutt . . . not a sleek, long haired show prize, or some fancy tail with a pedigree; just a huntin' mutt. . . . Once he'd read about a dog that chased rabbits, and now as he peddled his papers in the dismal canyon that is Twelfth Street in the rain Ricky forgot time and misery in the imaginary company of his pal.

A man bought a paper. Ricky hardly noticed. Why try to save two cents for a mutt if your old man's a souse who drinks your paltry pennies? Gin and dreams don't mix. Ricky sighed and stubbed his toe on a lamp post as his mind wandered down some country road after a yapping hound.

"Hey, Kid . . . it's raining! Get in here 'fore you melt!" That was old Moriarity who ran the corner delly. Sometimes, when he wasn't as pickled as the pigs feet on his counter, Moriarity was kind to Rick. That was 1930 . . . Ricky was twelve. Now shove up eleven years. It's 1941 . . . Richard Hagen is twenty-three . . . and in the Death House. . . . Here's why:

"For murder of Michael Doon, I sentence you to death—and may your soul meet a merciful haven!" The judge's voice was flat . . . final. Ricky was finished; whatever dreams he might have had were finished too, buried in the slender body that would too soon meet the clay.

Michael Doon bought a paper from Rick . . . that's how they met. The hawk-nosed old banker-miser took a fancy to the kid. He liked the guts of a kid who'd sell newspapers and talk of being a big shot some day. Although

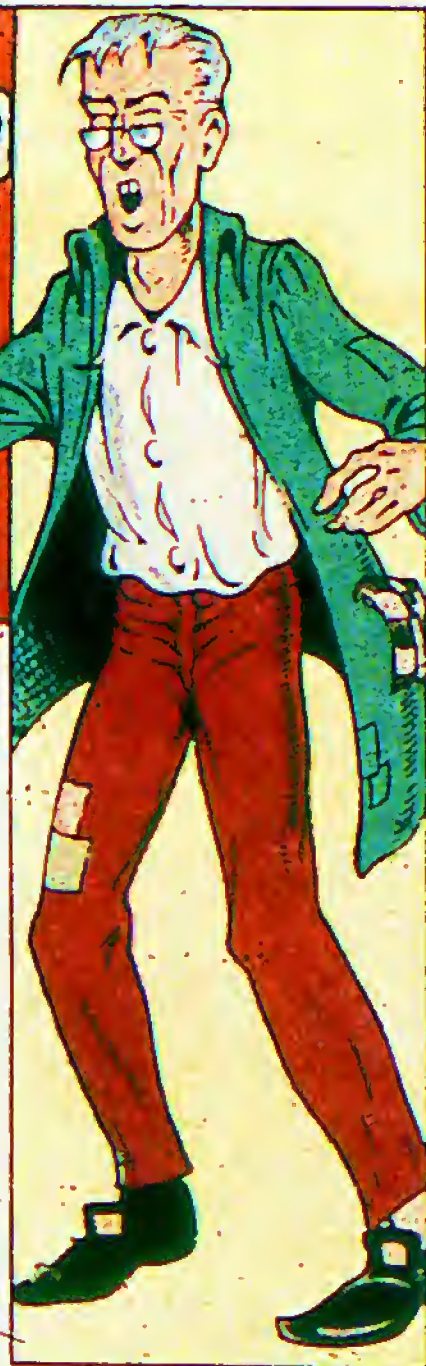
The HUNTIN' MUTT

BY
GENE
ROBERTS

the admiration wasn't mutual. Ricky had already learned that the first step to becoming a big shot was to pull up on a ladder—somebody else's ladder. So he went with Doon, became Doon's lost youth. . . . For seven long years Rick was his eyes, his ears and now he's up for murder—why? Because Michael Doon deserved to die!

Doon was a guy who'd beat the rats at their own game. He fought foul, hit low, bet high and got rich sucking the blood money from poor fools who thought they were smarter than he. His main hobby was kicking things around . . . anything, even to his own son who saw him for the scoundrel he was and disowned him as a dad. Once Doon had a dog too, a mangy cur that was born a thoroughbred and was ruined by Doon. The old skinflint preferred thoroughbreds . . . he liked to see them fall from their aristocratic thrones. Ricky was a thoroughbred even if he did come from the wrong side of town.

But the kid was the first thing that didn't run from the old man . . . the kid saw that he'd be doing himself a favor by pretending to swallow the abuse heaped upon him. After all, he was eating three square meals a day . . . that was something he never did in the old days. The old guy softened up sometimes . . . even a miser gets lonely and wants a little love. Then Ricky could get



anything he wanted . . . and he wanted plenty. The dough he got he cashed in his room . . . for the "Huntin' Mutt".

The old guy scowled. Ricky came walking into the house trailing a hop-eared mutt. His face glowed. The dog's droopy jowls shook in the expectancy of a home with a kid. But Old Doon took one look at the dog and howled as he kicked it into the wall.

"You . . . you . . . ! It's MY dog! Take your filthy feet off it!" Michael Doon stared at Ricky. Ha!

He was getting notions just like that son of his. . . . Good. . . . Doon would kick the kid around too . . . too bad. Ricky would have made a good con man when he got older. . . .

But Ricky fought tooth and nail. The dog howled and came to the aid of his defender. In amazed respect, Doon was forced to admit he had found an equal in ruthlessness. Ricky's technique was sweet to the old guy's heart . . . he fought the same way, below the belt. So they had a truce, and being smart, Ricky forgot about the dog. . . .

So the years passed . . . everybody got to know Rick Hagen as Doon's man . . . the only human being in the world who could talk back to the old fox. But nobody knew that Michael Doon was getting feeble . . . nobody knew that at the age of twenty, Rick had talked himself glibly into a sizeable fortune . . . nobody but Rick himself, who still wanted to be a big shot. The biggest fear in his life was that sometime the real heir to Doon's wealth would come back to claim it . . . and Michael Doon had made no will to Rick's benefit. And to make his life completely incongruous, Rick now kept a huntin' mutt in the yard . . . but he never had much fun with it because the dying old man never let him out of his sight. Rick was two people, one the go-getting kid, the other the little newsie who still had the yen for the country road and his mutt. It was difficult to keep track of himself with Michael Doon around . . . Rick was all confused.

He needed a pal to set him straight . . . to give him the right slant on things, but when that pal did come, Rick didn't know him.

"Hi there, Kid. You Rick Hagen? I heard you're my father's protégé. I'm Bob Doon. Can't say I'm proud of that name."

"You . . . his son?" Rick stared in disbelief. His mind jumped far ahead to the time when Bob Doon would get all of the old guy's dough. By gum . . . that wouldn't happen . . . not if Rick could help it.

"Yeah, I'm Hagen. What you goin' to do about it?" His voice

was hostile, his eyes icy blue in their hatred.

"Not a thing . . . for all I care you can have the old boy . . . if you can get anything out of him, you're better than I am, and I'm his son." Ricky was nonplussed. He wasn't used to straight talk . . . from old Doon he'd got the notion that a slick trick was to talk crooked and hit straight. . . .

"See you have a dog," said Bob, "a huntin' mutt. Ever try it on a chase?" Ricky gaped in disbelief . . . the guy was actually interested in what Ricky was doing! Not like old Doon who was only interested in what he could get out of it.

Ricky opened up wide . . . he couldn't talk fast enough to tell Bob how he loved that Mutt . . . that it was the only thing belonging to him alone. And Bob took Rick hunting one day . . . to try out the "huntin' mutt". Rick used an old Ithaca shotgun. He was carrying it when he and Bob sneaked in the back around the tool shed for a smoke before Bob went back to his own home. Young Doon didn't care to meet old Doon, ever.

But Michael Doon was tottering around the yard, poking his long nose into every crevice of every outbuilding, to see if Ricky was doing right by the place. He spotted Bob, stood back stock still as though a ghost had come.

"You . . . my ill begotten son . . . spawn of your conniving mother!" The father blushed in fury . . . and Bob reddened in heated anger.

"I've waited a long time to get back at you for skipping my house and making a fool of me to the world. . . . Rick! You're my man . . . use that shot gun on this devil!"

"Ain't no devil," snarled Rick, "he's my friend, same as this mutt here . . . and he's my pal because he wants to be, not because he expects something back in pay!"

Old Michael Doon, rejuvenated temporarily by the anger that seethed through his skinny veins, made a snake-like movement for the gun. . . . Startled, Rick hardly resisted . . . and Bob laughed to



see the old guy waving the long gun.

"It ain't loaded, Paw", . . . but Ricky knew it was. He also knew, even better than Bob, how far Old Doon would go in a moment of rage.

The huntin' mutt snarled. Rick remembered him.

"Go it, Duke! Sic him!" Old Michael waved the shotgun feebly as the springing beast hurled him to the ground. He took aim for the dog. But Ricky leaped and landed on the man, as the shot flew wild. Doon's head banged hard on a rock. With a long hard gasp he writhed and became very still.

"I killed him . . ." that was all Ricky said. With the innate decency he had gotten from some distant ancestor, he gave himself up, feeling disillusioned that Bob had deserted him. Only the huntin' mutt remained to give him solace.

The death house cell door opened. It was the warden, followed by Bob.

"Rick, I hope you'll understand that I didn't walk out on you," Bob said softly.

The warden explained. "Bob traced the medical reports, kid. He discovered that Old Mike was dead from the shock of the dog leaping on him. Doon had a weak heart, would have gone anyway. So, Kid, you can thank your stars you had this huntin' mutt. The Governor has pardoned you."

"You're coming with me," said Bob. "I'll try to make up for the dirty deal my father gave you. You and the huntin' mutt. We'll all be big shots together . . . the straight way!"

Paul BUNYAN

by
Storey Weaver

PITTING HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AGAINST ALL ODDS, THE GIANT OF THE LUMBER CAMPS WITH HIS BLUE OX, BATTLE FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL...

STEP ON IT, BABE! THOSE STRANGERS GOING IN THE BANK LOOK FISHY TO ME!



A HIGH POWERED CAR PULLS UP TO THE TOWN BANK, AND THREE YEGGS SILENTLY STEP OUT.

STATE BANK

KEEP YOUR LIDS OPEN!

COME ON! START MOVIN' TO THE BACK! ALL OF YOU!

PASS THAT DOUGH OUT!

WHA...?



BEHIND THE CAGE, A TERRIFIED CLERK IS HELD AT GUN POINT.



PLENTY OF DOUGH HERE!

IF THIS STOOGES MAKES ONE WRONG MOVE, I'LL BLOW HIM TO BITS!



GET GOIN', POP! INSIDE THAT VAULT!

WHY, YOU BLASTED PUP! GUN OR NO GUN...



UGH!

BANG



WE'LL START PILIN' THIS STUFF IN THE CAR!



LOOK, MISTER, PLEASE! THEY'LL SUFFOCATE IN THERE. THE STEEL DOOR HAS AN AUTOMATIC TIME LOCK THAT SHUTS FOR EIGHTEEN HOURS.

GET IN THE VAULT, EVERYBODY!



AIN'T THAT TOO BAD..THIS IRON BOX IS YOUR BABY..NOW YOU TEACH IT TO OPEN.

SLAM



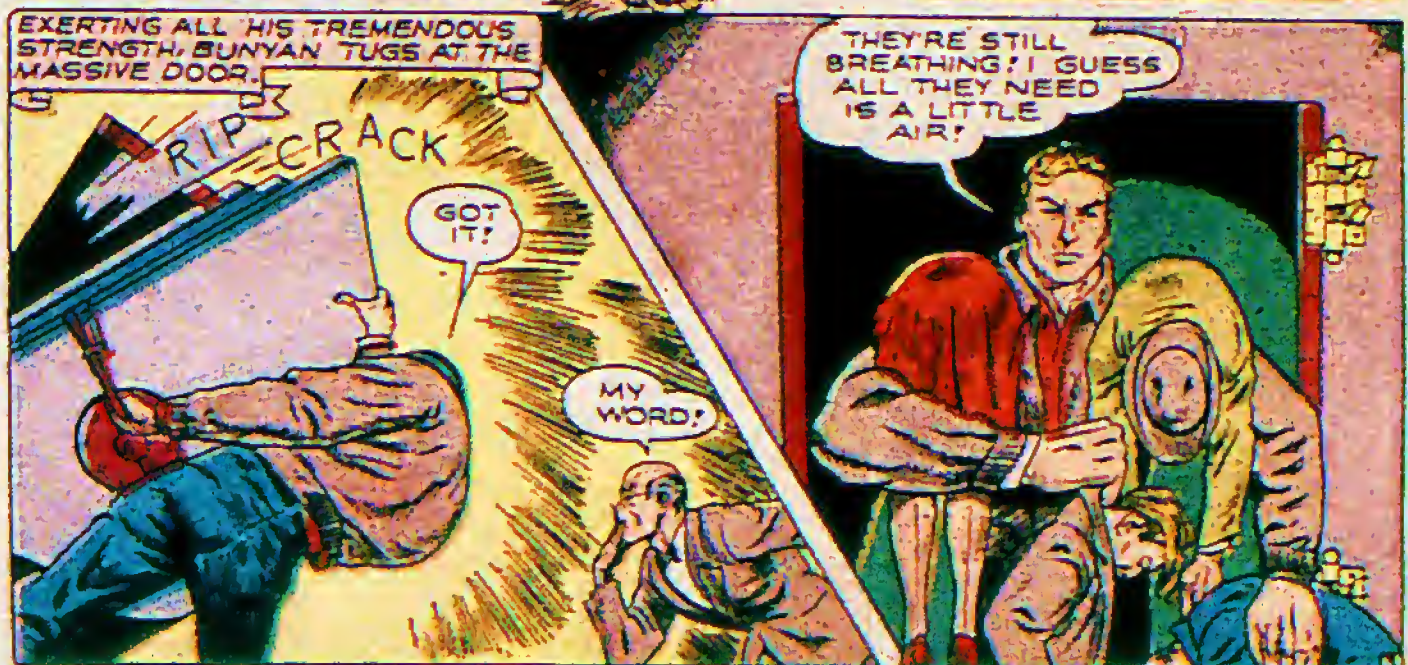
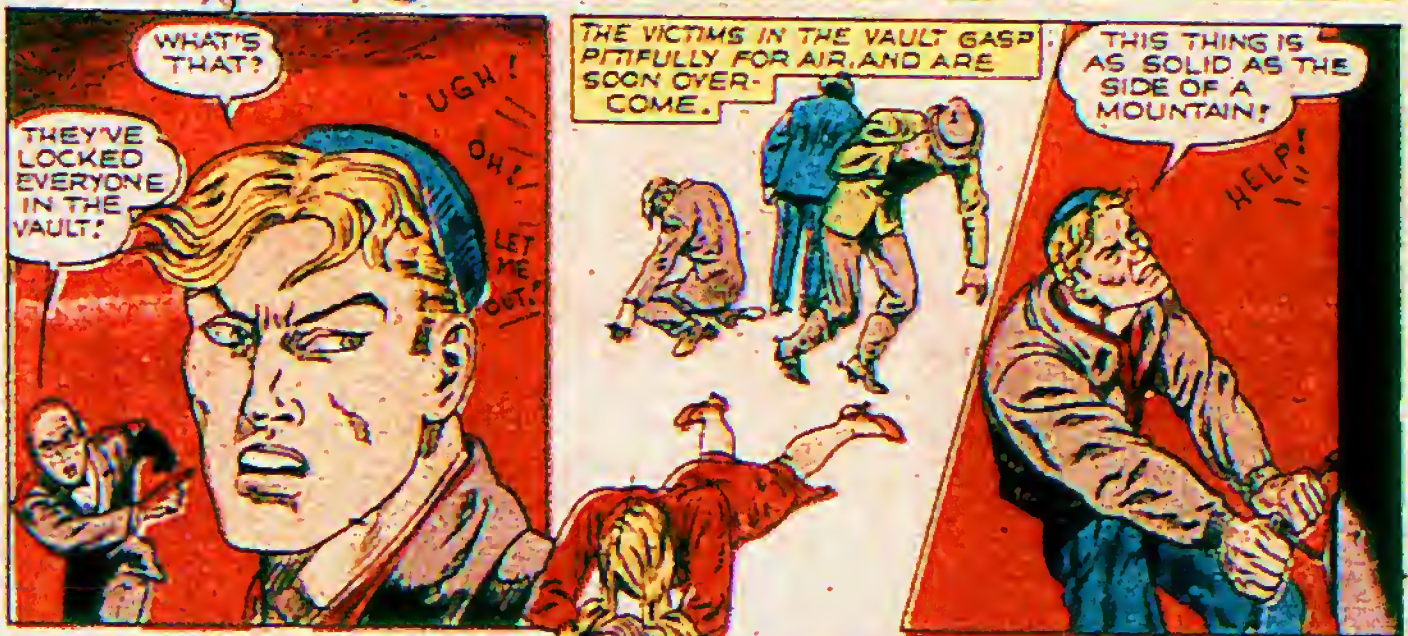
SUDDENLY, THE POWERFUL FIGURE OF PAUL APPEARS ON THE THRESHOLD...

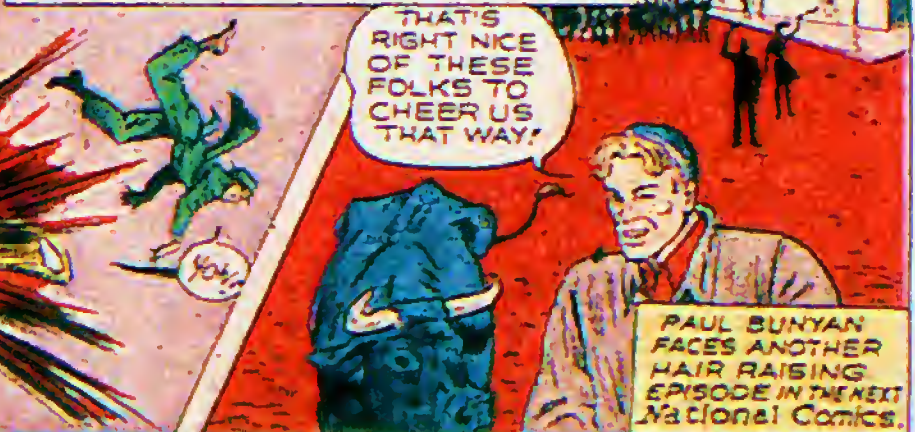
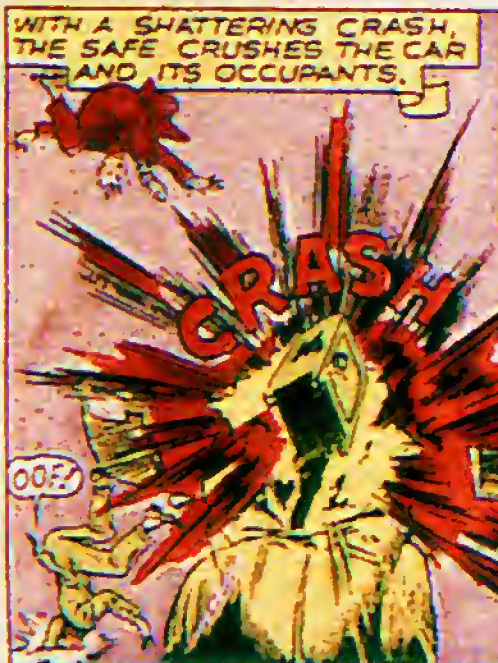
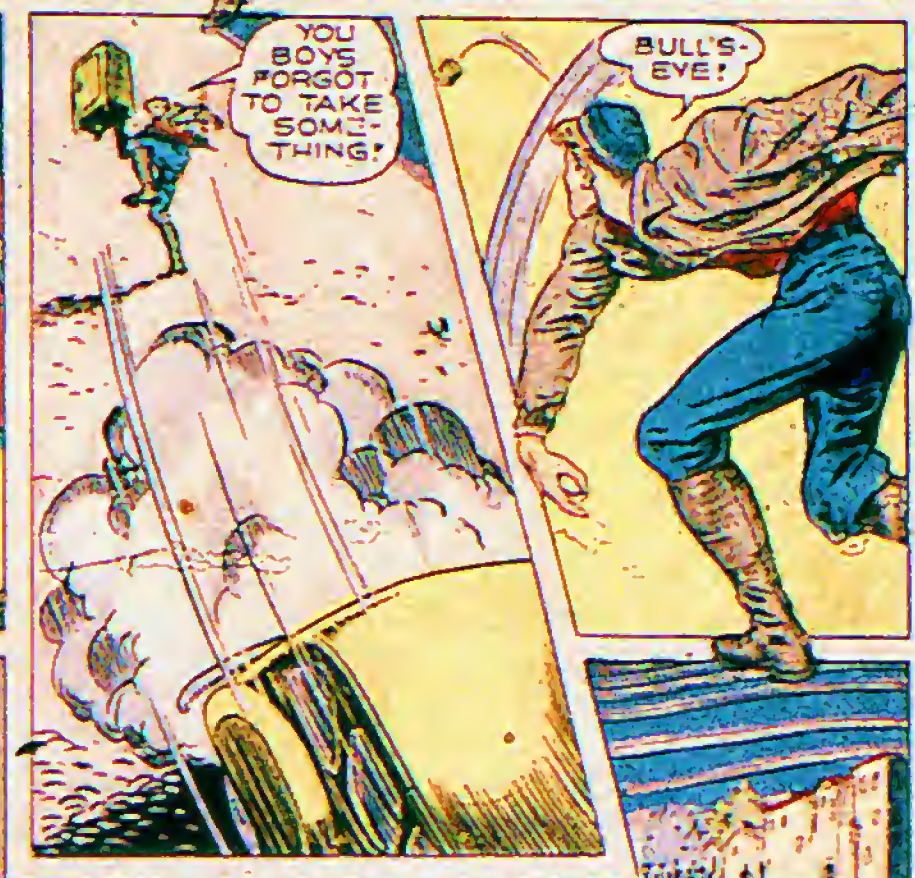
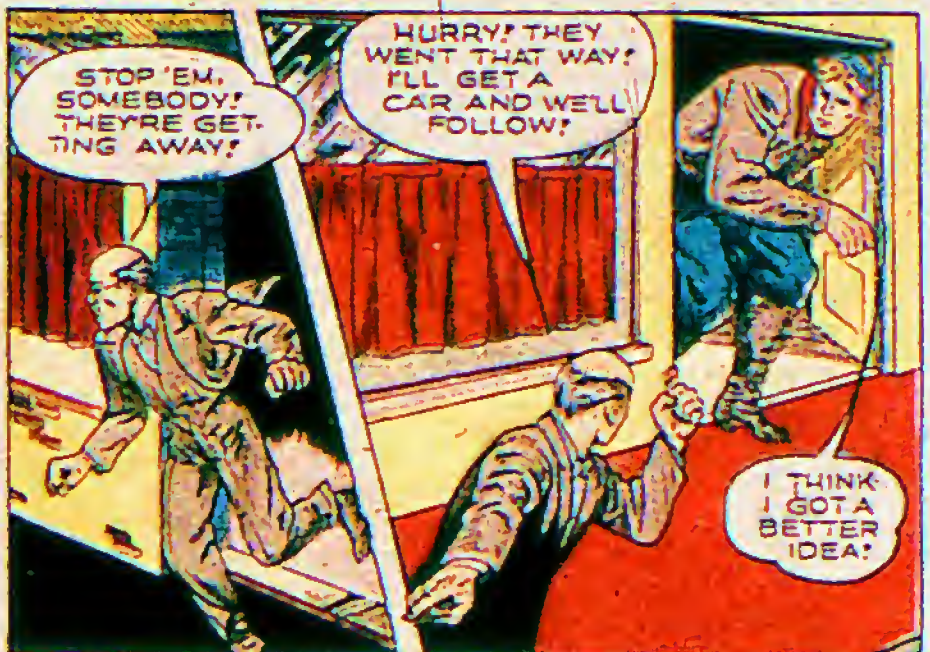
SAY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

GIVE IT TO HIM!



YOU FELLOWS HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO ACT CIVIL LIKE!





Miss Winky

The All-American Girl

2c
ARTIST
STEARNS

OH, YOU DON'T
THINK SO, EH,
GIRLS?

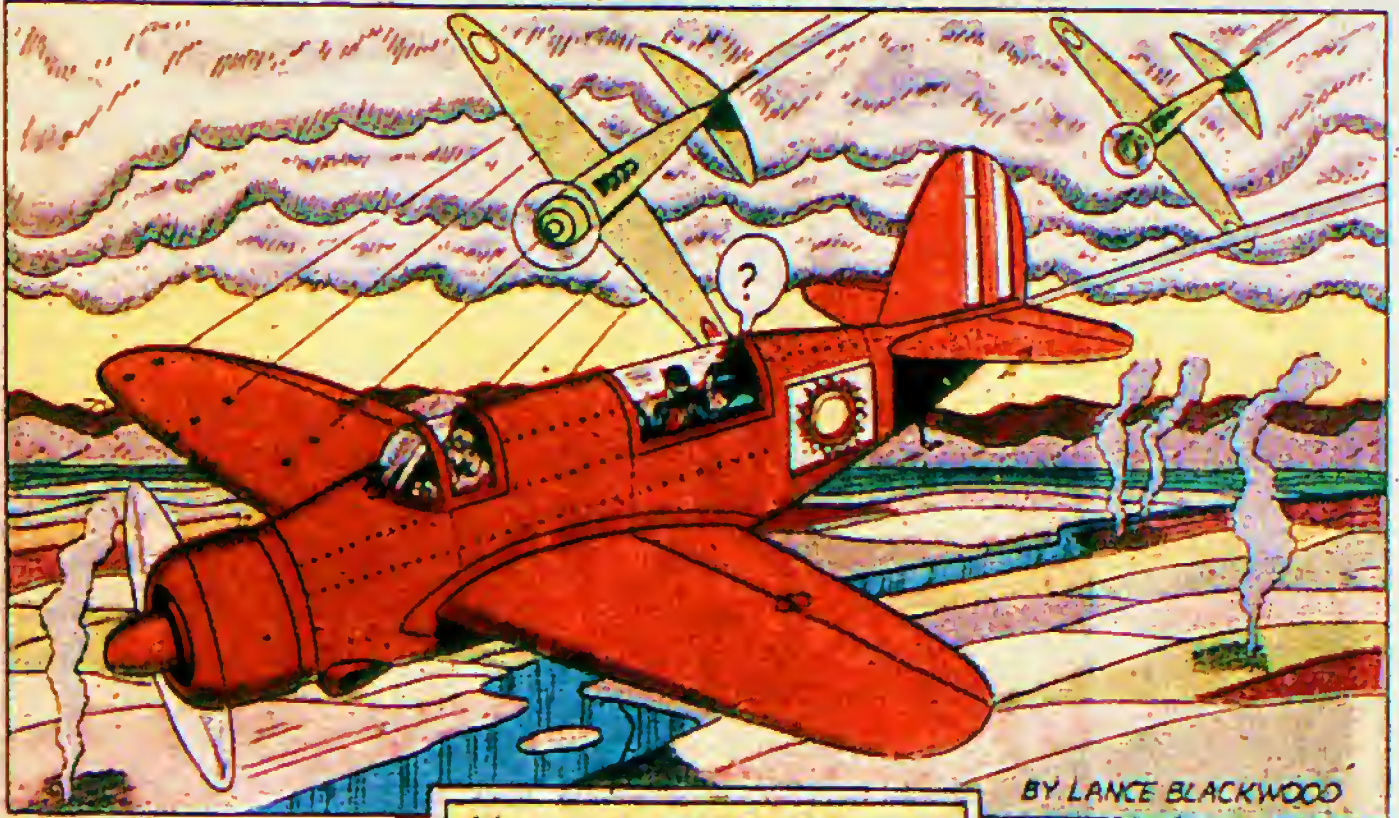
HECK NO! THERE HASN'T
BEEN ANY FISH IN THAT
LAKE IN YEARS - AT LEAST
NOBODY HAS CAUGHT
ANY! WE'LL BET YOU
\$10. YOU DON'T BRING
HOME A SINGLE
FISH!

I'LL TAKE
IT! I'LL
SHOW YOU
GALS I'M
A REAL
SPORT!



MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN



BY LANCE BLACKWOOD

MERLIN, THE GREATEST LIVING MAGICIAN HAS BEEN USING HIS MAGICAL POWERS TO AID THE CHINESE AGAINST THE INVADING JAPANESE. AT THE MOMENT HE IS ABOARD A SPECIAL PLANE ON THE CHUNGKING TO HONGKONG RUN. TWO ENEMY PLANES ROAR OUT OF THE CLOUDS TO ATTACK.

INSIDE THE AIRPLANE THE ONLY OTHER PASSENGER IS MADAME KUNG, WIFE OF A VALIANT CHINESE GENERAL.



FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT, MADAME. WE ARE IN FOR IT.

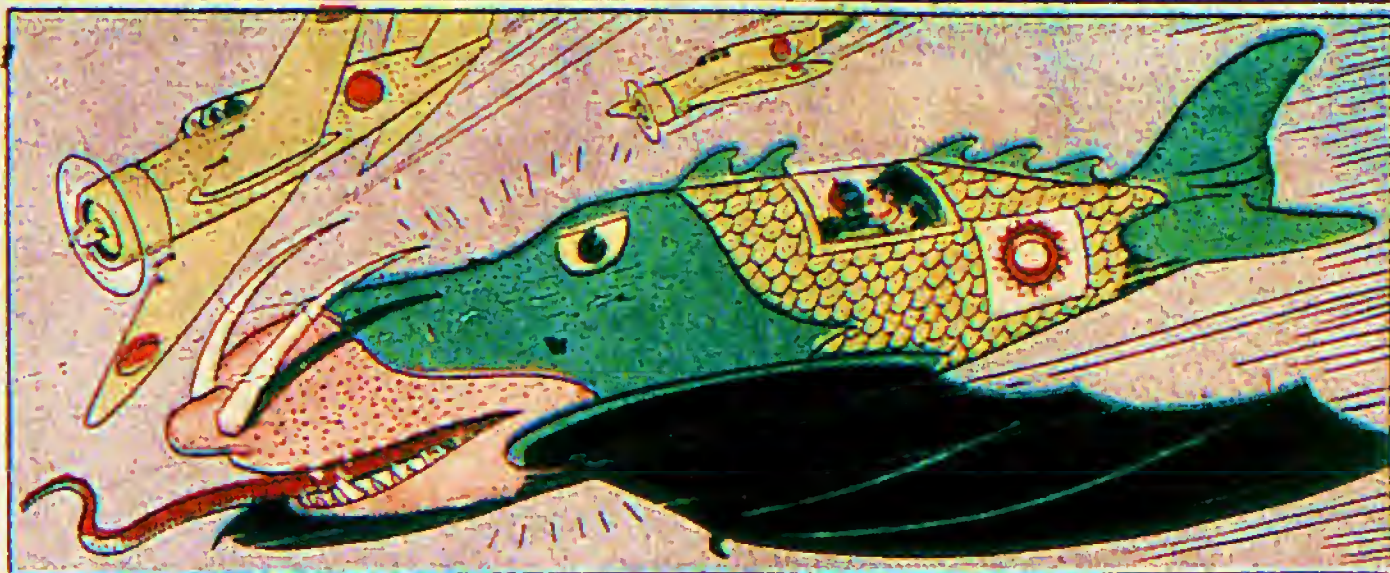
THEY MUST HAVE HEARD OF MY SECRET MISSION. THEY WISH TO KILL ME AT ALL COSTS!



I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP — ENALPRIA EMOCEB A RETSNOM!



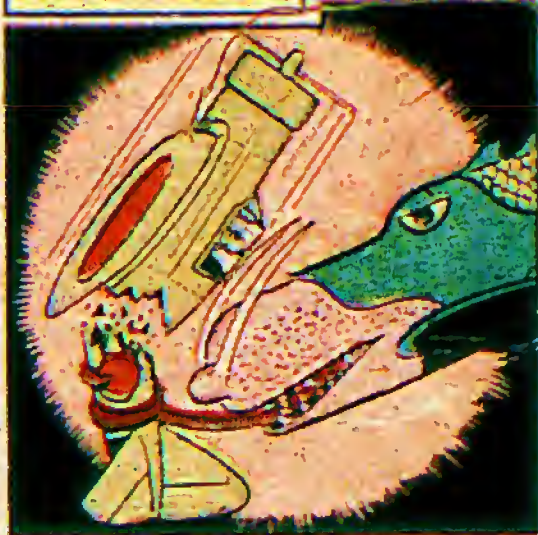
AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND THE PLANE BECOMES A HUGE FLYING METAL MONSTER!



HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT THE NEAREST JAP PILOT TRIES TO SWERVE ASIDE.



BUT HE IS TOO LATE - THE MONSTER'S TONGUE LASHES OUT AND SMASHES THE ENEMY'S FUSELAGE!



IT FALLS CRASHING TO EARTH!



THE SECOND PLANE FLEES BUT MERLIN'S CREATION QUICKLY FOLLOWS.



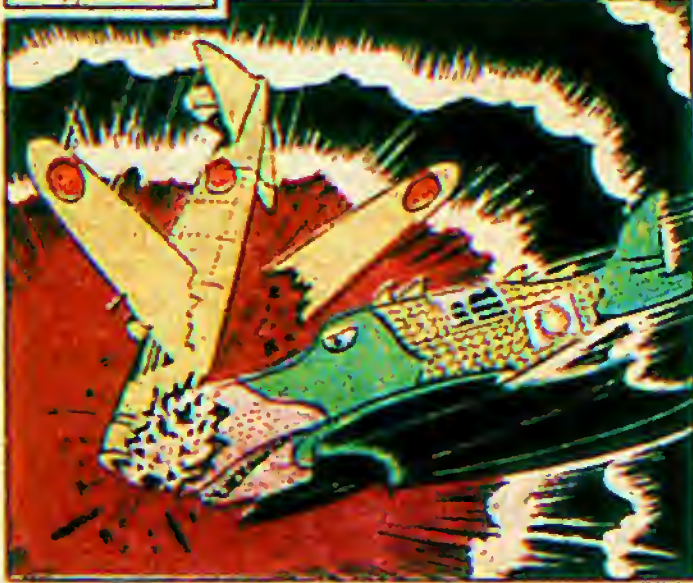
KNOWING THAT HE WILL BE DISGRACED FOR RUNNING AWAY THE JAP FLYER TURNS ABOUT...



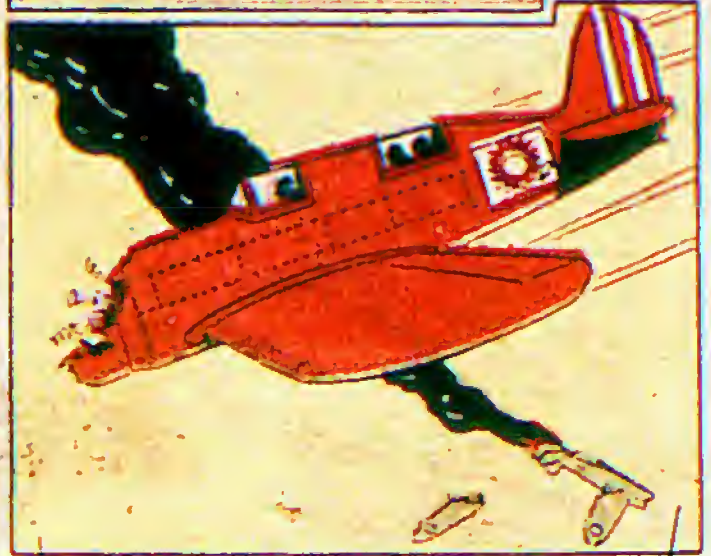
AND IN A DEATH DIVE FLIES STRAIGHT AT THE WINGED MONSTER!



THERE IS AN EXPLOSION AS THE TWO PLANES MEET IN MID-AIR!



THE CONCUSSION BREAKS THE SPELL AND THE CHINESE PLANE BECOMES ITSELF AGAIN WITH ITS ENGINE SMASHED BY THE COLLISION.



THE PILOT MANAGES TO GET IT UNDER CONTROL AND GLIDES DOWN.

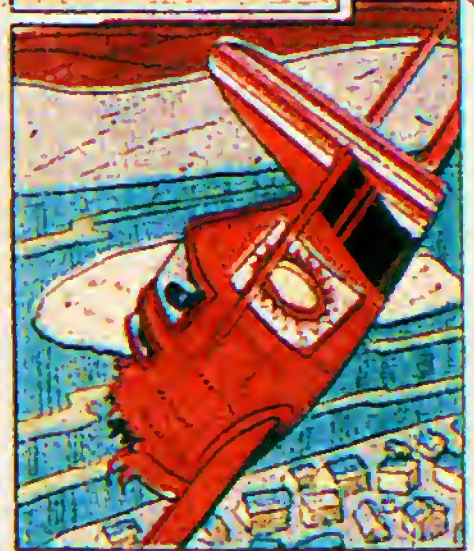


PREPARE FOR A CRASH LANDING!

HEAD FOR THAT SANDY ISLAND IN THE RIVER!



FOLLOWING THE MAGICIAN'S ADVICE THE PILOT STEERS FOR THE BARREN ISLAND



THE PLANE SKIDS TO A STOP ON THE SANDY DUNES...



AS A JAPANESE AMPHIBIAN TANK PUTS OUT FROM SHORE.



THIS TIME THEY'LL SURELY GET US! BUT I HAVE A FEW TRICKS LEFT!



AS THE TANK COMES NEARER
MERLIN CALLS UPON HIS
MAGICAL POWERS



BEFORE THE THREE DESPERATE
PEOPLE APPEARS A STAIRCASE
LEADING DOWN INTO THE EARTH.



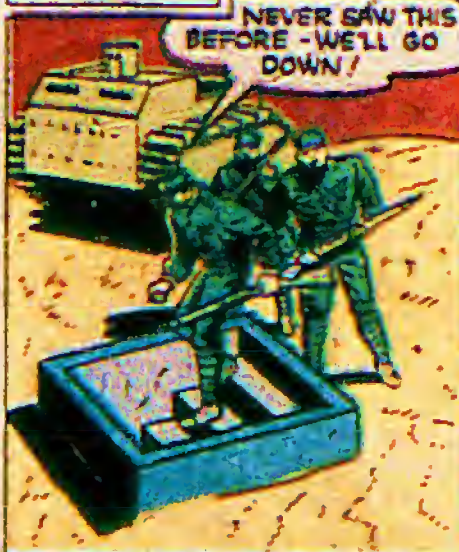
QUICKLY THEY DESCEND.



THE TRIO FIND THEMSELVES
IN A LITTLE THEATER.



MEANWHILE THE JAPS FIND
THE STAIRS.



BUT THE STEPS TURN INTO A
CHUTE - THE - CHUTE!



THE SOLDIERS ARE TUMBLED
ONTO THE STAGE IN FRONT OF
MERLIN, MADAME KUNG, AND
THE PILOT!



THE STAGE BECOMES A STRANGE
LAND TO THE SURPRISED JAP
SOLDIERS!



A SKELETON WALKS ACROSS
THE STAGE BEARING A
PLACARD!



SITTING BULL!
HE WAS SAVAGE
MELICAN INDIAN!



EVEN AS THE SOLDIER SPEAKS A BAND OF WILD INDIANS CHARGE AT THEM!



HA-HA! CAN'T KILL
ME - I'M ALREADY
DEAD!



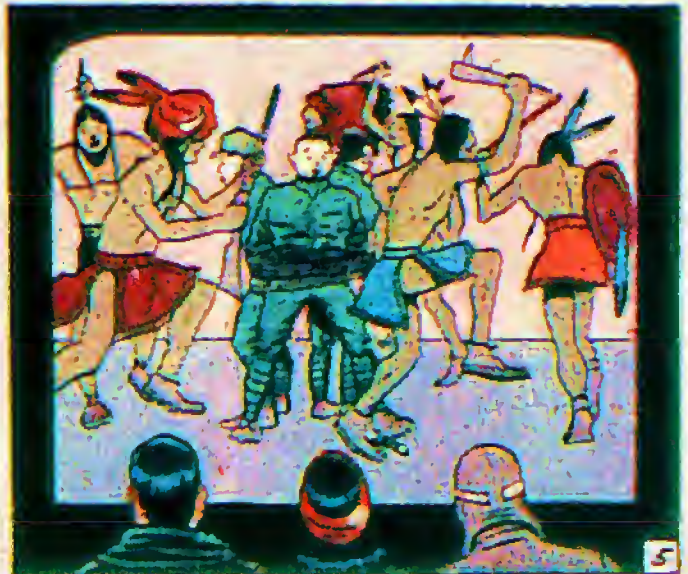
THE INDIANS FROM THE PAST JUMP FROM THEIR
MUSTANGS AND FLING THEMSELVES ON THE JAPANESE!



A ONE-SIDED HAND TO HAND FIGHT TAKES PLACE!



AND THE JAPANESE ARE SOON OVERPOWERED



SUDDENLY MERLIN APPEARS BY THE HELPLESS JAPANESE.



HAD ENOUGH FIGHTING?

OH - YES! GET US OUT OF HERE - WE'LL SURRENDER - ANYTHING!



OKAY - LET 'EM GO!



MANY THANKS CHIEF - YOU CERTAINLY PUT ON A GOOD SHOW!

NOT AT ALL! SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES TO US!



SITTING BULL AND HIS WARRIORS FADE BACK INTO THE PAST.



SO LONG, MERLIN!

AND MERLIN, HIS FRIENDS, AND THE JAPS FIND THEMSELVES BACK ON THE SURFACE.

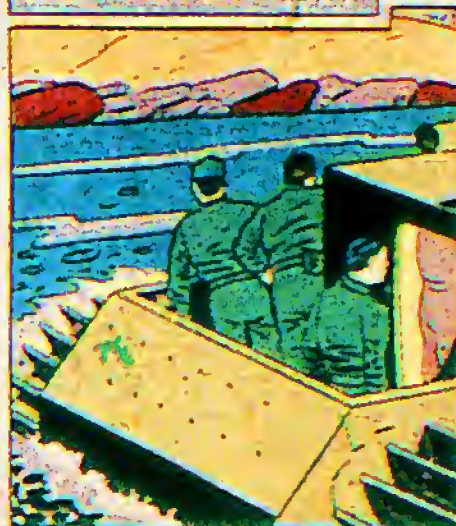


WHERE WE GO NOW?

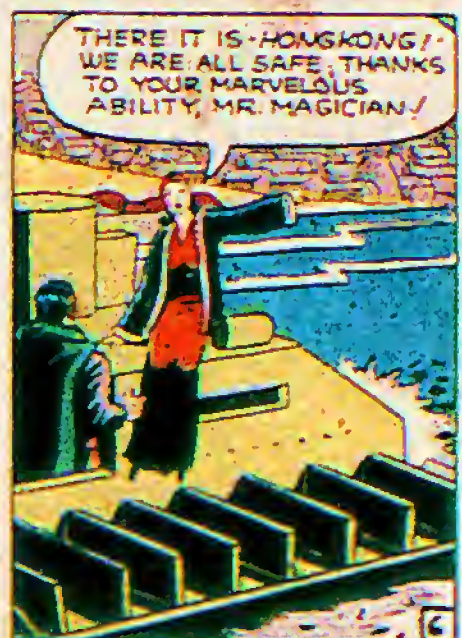
WE CAN REACH HONGKONG BY SAILING DOWN THE RIVER - LET'S GET IN THE TANK!



SWIFTLY AND QUIETLY THE FLOATING TANK PADDLES DOWN THE RIVER OUT OF JAPANESE OCCUPIED TERRITORY.



THERE IT IS - HONGKONG! WE ARE ALL SAFE, THANKS TO YOUR MARVELOUS ABILITY, MR. MAGICIAN!



**WE DARE YOU
TO READ THIS
MAGAZINE!**



**THESE
FEATURES
ARE NOT
DESIGNED
FOR
SOFTIES!**

The **SNIPER**
LOOPS
AND
BANKS
% OF THE
UNDERGROUND

**AND THE
ONE AND ONLY
SECRET
WAR
NEWS**

**ON SALE
FEBRUARY 11TH**

What will Andre look like?

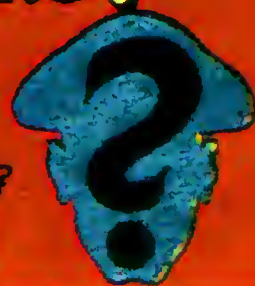


**FORCED
BECAUSE
OF
HORRIBLE
SCARS, ANDRE,
ONE OF THE
BLACKHAWKS
HAS TO WEAR
THIS MASK...**



**BUT IN THE
ABOVE ISSUE OF
MILITARY COMICS
HIS FACE
IS RESTORED...
WHAT WILL IT BE??**

**THIS IS HOW HE
USED TO LOOK!**



RED RYDER Shows You HOW TO SHOOT

THE OFFICIAL RED RYDER SADDLE SHOOTING POSITION



STIRRUP STANDING POSITION—OFFICIAL



RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION SIT ON RIGHT HEEL LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!

RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON

These pictures showing proper shooting positions were specially drawn by Disney and you by Fred Herman who used to teach rifle at the Colorado Range before he was the first in New York's New York Herald and from the popular N.Y.A. newspaper cartoon "Red Ryder" (and Little Beaver) Comic Strip. Fred Herman helped Disney design the cowboy-style cowboy model and you know it's authentic.

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THE

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